

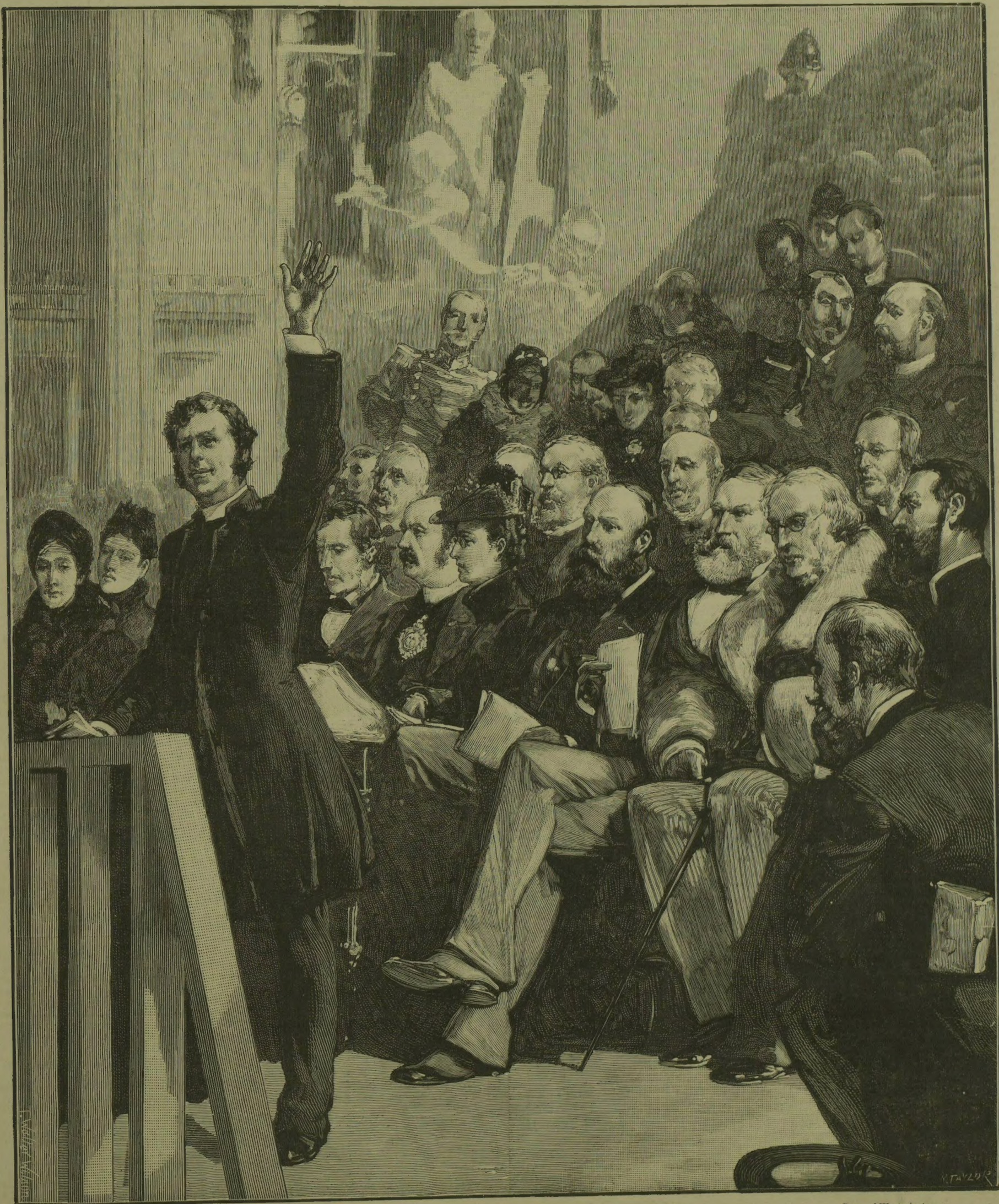
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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Baroness  
Burdett-Coutts. Duchess of  
Westminster.

Bishop of Ripon.

Duke of  
Westminster.

Sir J. Pease.

Lord Mayor. Lady Mayoress.

Rev. Dr. H. Adler.

Earl of Meath.

Sir J. Simon.

Sir R. Fowler.

Mr. H. J. Atkinson.

Dean of Westminster.

Rev. H. P. Hughes.

MEETING AT GUILDHALL ON BEHALF OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Now that the first heat of expectation caused by the certain hope of copyright with America has passed away from the British novelist's breast, he may review his prospects with judicial eye. When the Bill was out of sight (though never out of mind) he dreamed about it in association with Golconda. Now, when, contrary to all expectation, it has been passed, he is told by those who ought to know (and do know) better that it will make but little difference to him. It will certainly make a considerable difference, though no one can say how much. The history of how the Bill came to be passed is itself a mystery. The same minority who supported it, in the same House (95), on the last occasion, opposed it now; the same majority within two (128) that rejected it then have passed it now. It is supposed that the storm of indignation that arose in America upon its rejection was unexpected by members of Congress, and that they took the first opportunity of setting themselves right with the country. Let us not seek "to draw their frailties from their dread abode"; but there was something in the matter probably not wholly unconnected with "lobbying." What will be the result of the Bill is a much more doubtful, as well as a more important, question. It is not generally known that the piracy once so universal in America has of late years shrunk to less proportions. It was found that the cutting of throats could not be confined to the captured, but extended to the pirates themselves. This limitation will make the calculation of what the British novelist is worth to the American publisher easier than when there were four or five stolen editions, the size of which could not be accurately discovered. Moreover, in consequence of this there has been in many cases a considerable advance in the price of each book; they are still very cheap, but not so dirt cheap as they were; and this, I am told on good authority, has checked the sales. This looks bad for large profits, but is not an unexpected result. When people have been accustomed to buy stolen goods, it is not pleasant to have to go shopping. Again, the cost of production of a book is much greater in the United States than at home; therefore, the royalty upon each volume (if that should be the system of remuneration) will be smaller. A consideration of these circumstances should calm the fever of expectation in the British author; but at the same time, if the American publisher tells him that, "after all, it will make very little difference," he should require that statement to be supported by affidavit, and needn't believe it even then.

The class who will be most benefited by the Bill is the American author: he will no longer be handicapped by having a rival, with whom, other things being equal, he could have no chance of success. The British authors' works will still probably be sold at a lower rate than his own, but patriotism—the wish to encourage native talent—or let us say (for in such a happy hour one is inclined to be generous even to extravagance) superior merit, will more than make up for that disadvantage. Literary genius in America will be greatly encouraged, and even a man who is not a journalist will be able to live by his pen. As to the commercial stipulations of the Bill, that every English book shall be printed in America, and no plates be sent over, an order in Council will probably be passed, which will make the same regulations in this country, so that nobody need fear that flood of English books from America that was to paralyse our printing trade. American spelling would, of itself, prevent this irruption, as it has already prevented the attempts made in this direction. In the case of large and expensive volumes, it is true, these protectionist provisions will annul the benefits of copyright. It would often not be worth while to "set them up" a second time, and they will be forwarded to the United States, as at present, uncopyrighted; but they will nevertheless enjoy, as before, an immunity from piracy, on account of the cost of their production. Upon the whole, though there may be objections to the Bill, it is certainly far more than the British novelist, at all events, ever expected to get. He may drink the health of the American Congress this Christmas in his glass of beer, and when next year comes round I shall not be surprised if he is in a position to do so in a more generous liquor.

In his letter to Sir John Simon upon the persecution of the Jews, Cardinal Manning writes that he approves of the assumption that "the Czar of all the Russias has no share by will or knowledge" in the present atrocities. If this be so (which, however, nobody really believes), what is the use of a Czar? If he does not know of the iniquities that are practised in his name, and which are patent to everybody else, or if (which is far more probable) he knows, and does not care, what becomes of the advantages of autocracy? How strange it is that the Snobism which ignores his guilt does not perceive the contemptible position in which his innocence places him! A poet before Swinburne has described such princes—

Rulers who neither think, nor feel, nor know,  
But leech-like to their fainting country cling  
Till they die, blind in blood, without a blow.

"The personal and domestic virtues" of the Czar may be all the Cardinal's fancy paints them, but how, with the horrors of Siberia in evidence of the contrary, can they be "a sure pledge that he is incapable of harshness to the least of his subjects," or "a supreme guarantee of the Imperial justice and clemency"? This may be flattery suitable to a courtier, but hardly to a priest, even though he be a Prince of the Church.

A certain vile egotist, because a woman (very wisely) preferred somebody else to himself, has committed a double murder. It is a novelty even in France, where "Love and the Tiger" are often closely connected, for a disappointed suitor to shoot both bride and bridegroom on the road to church, and

this Clermont-Ferrand scoundrel no doubt imagined, before he blew out his brains, or what he called such, that he had done an original thing. And yet, in addition to his other crimes, he was a plagiarist. He only did twice over what cruel Carver Doone did to dear Lorna on her marriage morn. I suppose he got the idea from a French translation of the great Exmoor romance, for which it is very probable the author never received one farthing—

Just see how one black sin brings on another,  
Like little nigger pickaninny riding pick-a-back upon him mudder!

When I was an undergraduate at the University, I had singing lessons from an ancient chorister: the series, however, only extended to two. After the second lesson, this excellent person, who was as honest as he was harmonious, declined to take another fee. "You have no ear, my good Sir," was his deliberate judgment. There had been no mutilation; he spoke only in a musical sense, but it was very distressing and disappointing. If his verdict had been otherwise, I might now have been an authority on church music. From recent disclosures in a religious newspaper, however, it seems that, even if I had made a profession of it, it would not have been more remunerative than that which (by this repulse) I was driven to. The training of a choir appears, like virtue, to be its own reward, and the same thing may be said of playing the organ. Some people call its sounds angelic, and that is the view ministers often take of the performer. "You should not want money for such work; you should do it for the love of the thing," observed one of them to a young professional the other day, in reply to his application for a £10 salary. I have often heard of a "voluntary" in connection with this sublime instrument, but never before knew what it meant.

The power of music, even when it is not devotional, seems out of all proportion to its cost: if one may trust the poet, what you get out of even a "cottage" piano is amazing—

Joy flies to it, and Love's unrest  
And Memory dear,  
And Sorrow, with her tightened breast,  
Comes for a tear.

I have known it to (almost) wring tears from a publisher. He had started a thriving periodical which afterwards became justly famous, and one day I found him sitting dejectedly before a little piano—closed. "What's the matter? Can't you get it open?" I said. He threw me such a look, as though I had asked him for an extra hundred pounds, on account of unexpected circulation. "It is not that," he replied with irritation, "but this thing has come by carrier to the office—gratuitously." "So much the better," I said cheerfully. "That is so like an author's view," he answered bitterly. "Don't you know that we said in our prospectus that nothing with any resemblance to a puff would ever disgrace our columns? What am I to do?" "One must stop somewhere," returned I, calling to mind what Charles Lamb said when the sucking pig came to him by mistake. "Keep it." "I think I will," said the publisher; "one need only say a few words on the subject, and, after all, a piano is a piano." And he wrote the few words, and kept it.

A libel action is said to be likely to arise out of the Passion Play, in consequence of a German lady having made Joseph Maier fall in love with an undesirable young person in a novel. The case, of course, is peculiar, but it certainly seems strange that so much privilege should hedge an actor by reason of the gravity of his rôle upon the stage. Most great actors play many parts, and though, according to this new contention, it would be dangerous for a novelist to make humorous "copy" out of Mr. Irving as Hamlet, the same rule could hardly apply to him as Jingle. There have also been some players who have acted with true nobility, though the parts they played have been far from edifying. It is related of Kean the elder that, in his summer tour of 1818, he met with an old theatrical acquaintance in very distressed circumstances. "The child of this person played the youngest prince to Richard III., and, after it had been smothered, 'bloody Gloucester' took an opportunity to slip ten guineas into its hand as a present for the father."

In the prosecution of that interesting inquiry, "Are books really assisted by reviews?" a well-known man of letters tells us that a review by a man with a great name undoubtedly helps even an established novelist. He instances some cases in illustration of this from the success of certain stories, but omits to show the true conclusion. The gentleman with the great name must, to accomplish this desirable end, know nothing about novels. In that case, it is true, novel-readers will pay no attention to him; but neither would they if he did know. If the novel-reader likes the novelist, he will stick to him, and, if he does not like him, the concentrated effect of a host of eulogies will not induce him to alter his opinion. There is no race so prejudiced for good or for evil as the subscribers to the circulating library, and none who so resent dictation. But if the man with a great name is a statesman, or a philosopher, or a divine, his good word, though he may know nothing about fiction, goes a great way, for he introduces the book to a new public. The people who never read novels have heard of him, and are willing to take his recommendation. They think to themselves, This man would never recommend us an ordinary story-book, and they are quite right. The story he likes is generally no story at all, but contains an intolerable amount of "padding" to one halfpennyworth of fiction. Still, it is livelier reading than the new public are accustomed to, and they fall to upon it accordingly. People who have been used to suet alone think it heavenly when mixed with treacle. The enormous popularity enjoyed at one time by the religious magazines arose in a similar way: instead of putting the rhubarb into the jam, as the doctor does with his juvenile patients, they put the jam into the rhubarb. The religious public knew it was nice, and were assured (by the editors) that it was not naughty. It unfortunately does not happen

every day that gentlemen with great names condescend to praise a work of fiction, but when it occurs they do it thoroughly, for there are none who express themselves with such confidence about novels as those who know nothing about them.

Some time ago the guardians of a Union workhouse refused to allow its inmates to "sit" to artists, upon the ground that to enter into any such arrangement was "degrading." Another set of guardians have now acted in precisely the same manner. There seems to be something that renders the word "degrading" unintelligible to weak minds. When some human brute jumps on his wife, or tortures his child, or puts all his neighbourhood in terror from his habitual violence and depravity, he may not be flogged, because that, it is said, will "degrade" him. One might just as well be solicitous to preserve the garments of a man who passes his life in a slaughterhouse from contact with wet paint. It is the bray of an asinine sentiment tricked out in the lion garb of philanthropy. Poor law guardians, to do them justice, seldom use this masquerade, but they seem equally unable to understand what is "degrading." A shilling an hour, or even sixpence, would be riches to a poor soul to whom an ounce of tea or a screw of tobacco is all that is left to them of enjoyment, and who have no means of purchasing it. To deny our paupers such infinitesimal luxuries, and at the same time to prevent others from furnishing them, seems to be acting the dog in the manger indeed. It has been humorously suggested that the authorities are afraid of the characters of their charges being corrupted by association with artists; but they are not guardians of "infants" and *ingénues*. The morals of Belisarius will hardly suffer from the small talk of the studio while he is having his beard painted; and it is not the attractions of beauty which lead the artist to apply for models to the workhouse, but those of old age. He does not seek Susanna, but the elders.

## THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

The meeting at Guildhall, on Wednesday, Dec. 10, presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, to express public opinion with regard to the severe "exceptional edicts and disabilities," which are viewed as a "renewed persecution" of the Jews in Russia, was attended by many influential persons. In our illustration of the scene on the platform, the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler, son and successor of the late Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, sits at the right hand of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress; the Duke of Westminster sits on the left hand; the Earl of Meath, the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Westminster, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir Robert Fowler, M.P.; Sir Joseph Pease, M.P.; Sir John Simon, M.P.; and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, appear in conspicuous places. The Lord Mayor, in opening the meeting, deprecated all feeling of hostility to his Majesty the Czar of Russia, who must be kindly disposed towards all his subjects, the Jews as well as the Orthodox Russians. The Czar could, by a stroke of the pen, annul those laws which pressed so grievously on the Jews, and would, by granting their emancipation, gain similar glory to that won by his father, Alexander II., as the emancipator of the Russian Serfs. The first resolution, proposed by the Duke of Westminster, declared that the renewed sufferings of the Jews in Russia were deeply to be deplored, and that religious liberty should be recognised, by every Christian community, as a natural human right. His Grace quoted from a recent publication some account of the laws complained of, by which the Jews are prohibited from residing in rural villages, or holding land, are driven into the towns, are excluded, beyond a very small number, from the superior schools and the Universities, and from technical schools, are expelled from Government service, and are debarred from practising as barristers, surgeons, or engineers. The resolution, seconded by the Bishop of Ripon, and supported by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, was passed unanimously. A second resolution, to send a memorial to the Emperor of Russia, praying his Majesty to confer on the Jews equal rights with his other subjects, was proposed by Lord Meath, seconded by Sir Robert Fowler, and carried by acclamation. Sir Joseph Pease, as a member of the Society of Friends, expressed his zeal for religious liberty, and moved a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for presiding, which was seconded by Sir J. Colomb, M.P.; this having been acknowledged, the proceedings came to an end. It is understood that a deputation will go to St. Petersburg, to present the memorial to the Emperor of Russia.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, on Dec. 12, visited the Princess Helena College at Ealing. The Lady Mayoress distributed the prizes.

Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., has sent a cheque for £100 to the Mayor of Folkestone for distribution among the poor of the united boroughs of Folkestone, Sandgate, and Hythe.

The marriage of Sir Frederick W. F. G. Frankland, Bart., with Charlotte, only daughter of Mr. John Augustus de Zerega, of New York, took place in the Church of the Incarnation, Maddison-avenue, New York, on Dec. 10. The bride was attended by two pages and four bridesmaids, and was given away by her father. The Bishop of New York officiated, assisted by other clergy, and after the reception Sir Frederick and Lady Frankland started on a lengthened tour in Canada.

On Dec. 15 the Bishop of Wakefield was entertained at dinner in the Townhall, Wakefield, by a number of gentlemen who have raised or contributed the sum of £1500, the cost of the site of the Bishop's residence, which is about to be erected at Wakefield at a cost of about £12,000. After dinner the Mayoress, Miss Hazlegrave, held a reception, at which the title-deeds of the land, with an illuminated address, were formally presented to the Bishop on behalf of about forty subscribers.

On Dec. 15 the second annual meeting of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses (Scottish branch) was held in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, the Lord Provost presiding. The report stated that the income during the year amounted to £2771, and, after deducting the expenditure, there remained a surplus of £203 12s. In the course of the year 735 cases had been nursed in Edinburgh, 422 patients had recovered, and 18,278 visits had been paid. The chairman, in the course of his remarks, referred to the death of the Countess of Rosebery, and said that the institute had been greatly indebted to her for its success. Lord Reay moved the adoption of the report. He said that they would be pleased to know that the Queen had appointed Princess Louise to be president.



## THE COURT.

The Queen has decided to leave Windsor Castle on Dec. 19 for Osborne. Her Majesty will travel by special train over the usual route to the South Coast, and cross thence to the Isle of Wight, where she will arrive early in the afternoon. The Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Victoria Mary and Prince Adolphus of Teck, arrived at the castle on the 9th. Mr. Henry White (Secretary of the American Legation) and Mrs. White also arrived. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess and the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria Mary and Prince Adolphus of Teck, the Dowager Lady Waterpark (Lady-in-Waiting), Mr. and Mrs. White, and Lord De Ramsey (Lord-in-Waiting). The other ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting joined the Royal circle in the Drawing-Room in the evening. The Hon. Lady Ponsonby and the Misses Ponsonby and Colonel the Hon. J. C. Vanneck (commanding 2nd Battalion Scots Guards) were also invited. The Duchess and Duke of Teck, and Princesses Victoria Mary and Prince Adolphus of Teck, and Mr. and Mrs. White, left the castle. On the 10th the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen and Mrs. Goschen, Lady and Miss Roberts, and Lieutenant Herbert (Central India Horse), who served as Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught at Bombay, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lord Wenlock kissed hands on the 11th, on his appointment as Governor of the Presidency of Madras. The Queen's dinner-party included the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Dowager Lady Waterpark (Lady-in-Waiting), Lord and Lady Wenlock, the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, the Hon. Frances Drummond, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Colonel the Hon. J. C. Vanneck, and Captain the Hon. L. Byng, Royal Horse Guards. On the 12th, the Empress Eugénie, attended by the Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, arrived at the castle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught drove to the South-Western Railway Station in Windsor and met the Empress, and accompanied her Majesty to the castle, where she was received at the entrance by the Queen. The Royal dinner-party in the evening included the Empress Eugénie, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Dowager Lady Waterpark (Lady-in-Waiting), the Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, Lord De Ramsey (Lord-in-Waiting), and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards. The Empress Eugénie, attended by the Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, left the castle on the 13th. The Duchess of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg accompanied her Majesty to the South-Western Railway Station. The Duchess of Albany, attended by the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton and Sir Robert Collins, arrived at the castle. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, attended by Lady Emily Kingscote and Admiral Stephenson, arrived at the castle in the evening. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) also arrived. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was performed in the Private Chapel on Sunday morning, the 14th, by the Rev. Canon Gee, D.D. (Vicar of Windsor and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty), who preached the sermon. This day being the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort (in 1861) and of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse (in 1878), a special service was held in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, at which her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales were present. The unveiling by the Queen of the statue of the late Emperor Frederick in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which was to have taken place on the 15th, has been deferred in consequence of the death of Sir Edgar Boehm, who was to have attended the ceremonial. The Duchess of Albany concluded her visit to the Queen, and returned to Claremont House. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, left the castle for Reading. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, attended by Lady Emily Kingscote and Rear-Admiral Stephenson, left the castle for Marlborough House. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. Princess Beatrice has been suffering from a cold, but is much better.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales terminated their visit to Lord Alington, at Criche, Dorset, on Dec. 13, and returned to Waterloo by special train from Wimborne. Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied from Criche by their host, Lord Alington, as well as the Hon. Humphrey Sturt, Lady Feodora Sturt, and the Hons. Mildred and Mabel Sturt, were escorted by the Dorset (Queen's Own) Yeomanry Cavalry to the station, where the Wimborne Volunteers formed a guard of honour. The train steamed off amid the cheers of the assemblage. On the 15th, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale was duly installed Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire by his father, the Prince of Wales, who is Grand Master of English Freemasons. The ceremony took place in the Townhall, Reading, in the presence of a large gathering of distinguished members of the craft. At the luncheon which followed, the Duke of Connaught proposed the health of the Prince of Wales, which was most cordially received. In the evening the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, witnessed the performance of "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket Theatre.

The Duke of Edinburgh, on Dec. 13, at Plymouth Guildhall, distributed the gold and silver medals and other prizes, including a 50-guinea pianoforte, won in a musical competition. There were 100 competitors, and about 4000 persons were present.

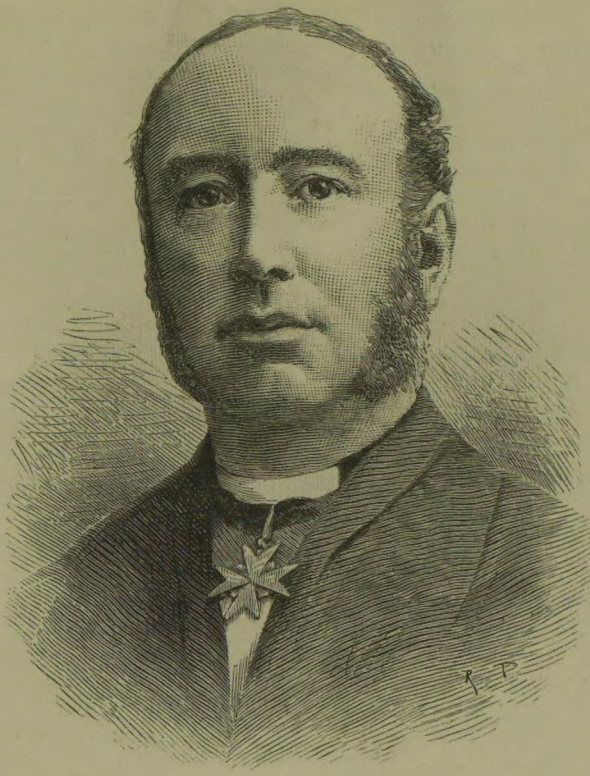
Colonel Clarke represented the Prince and Princess of Wales at the funeral of Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, on Dec. 10, at Sandy, Bedfordshire.

Lord Coleridge, the president, accompanied by Lady Coleridge, presides at the annual meeting of the Paddington Free Public Library on Saturday, Jan. 17, at the Vestry Hall, Paddington-green. A conversazione, consisting of a musical programme and entertainment, will subsequently take place, under the direction of Mrs. James Edmeston.

Praise is the unflinching due of Mr. Marcus Ward's productions. As charming as ever are his illustrated booklets and cards, just issued, for Christmas, New Year, birthday, and general greeting, in colours and monochrome. While a chaste elegance is the characteristic of most of the cards, comicalities are not forgotten, to raise boyish and girlish laughter at the forthcoming festive season.—Messrs. Hildesheimer and Co. also have a choice collection of Christmas cards, showing the good taste which has marked previous productions of this firm.

## THE REV. CANON SHORE.

The Rev. Thomas Teignmouth Shore, one of the Queen's Chaplains-in-Ordinary, who has been appointed by the Crown to be one of the Canons of Worcester Cathedral, was born at Dublin in 1841. He is a descendant of a younger branch, settled in Ireland, of the old Derbyshire family of Shore, one of whom, in 1792, being a member of the Supreme Council of



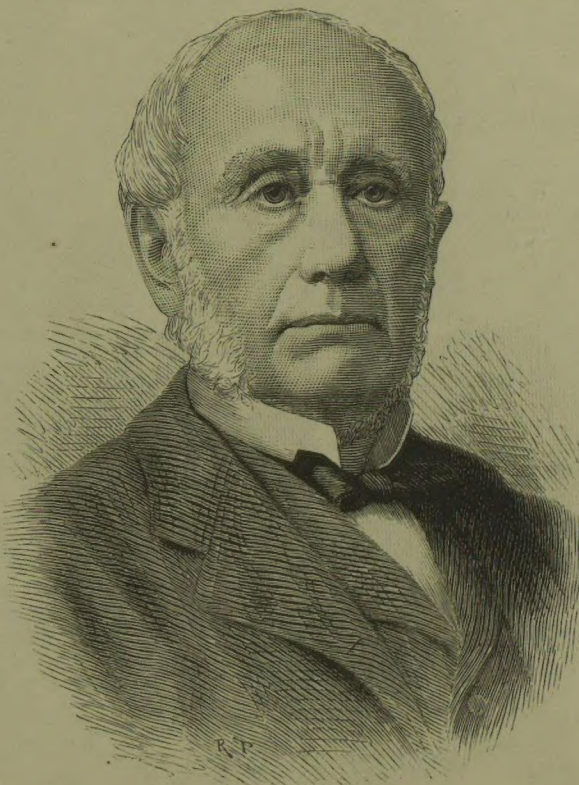
THE REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE,  
THE NEW CANON OF WORCESTER.

India at Calcutta, succeeded Lord Cornwallis as Governor-General, with a Baronetcy, and in 1797 was raised to the Peerage as Lord Teignmouth. Mr. T. T. Shore was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, took honours in that University, and has also taken the degree of M.A. at Oxford. He was ordained in 1861 by the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait, held curacies in Chelsea and Kensington, and was two years incumbent of St. Mildred's, Lee, but in 1873 became the minister of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. He has occasionally preached at Westminster Abbey, at St. Paul's, and in the Queen's private chapel at Windsor Castle. Mr. Shore is author of two volumes of sermons, and has long been editor of the *Quiver*, and of other religious publications for young people, belonging to Messrs. Cassell and Co.; he also contributed to Bishop Ellicott's New Testament Commentary.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Walery, 164, Regent-street.

## THE LATE SIR GEORGE BARNES PEACOCK.

The Right Hon. Sir George Barnes Peacock, senior member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who died on Dec. 10, was eighty years of age, and had been in the service of the Crown forty years. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1836, and took silk in 1850. In 1852 he was appointed legal member of the Council of India, leaving that office in 1858 to assume the position of Chief Justice of Calcutta, being also nominated to the Vice-Presidency of the Legislative Council. Three years later he received a fresh appointment to the Bench, as Chief Justice of the Court of Judicature at Calcutta, from which post he retired in 1870, and on returning to England was sworn a Privy Councillor.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR BARNES PEACOCK,  
JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL.

In 1872 Sir Barnes Peacock succeeded to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as an "additional" member, at a salary of £5000 a year. He was twice married, his second wife being Georgina, daughter of the late Major-General Shovers.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Sarony and Co., of Scarborough.

## "FAUST," AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

The great encyclopedic institution of popular entertainment and instruction, established by the Beaumont Trustees and other philanthropists—upon a hint from that benevolent novelist, Mr. Walter Besant—in Mile End-road beyond Whitechapel, comprises a vast and varied course of mental recreation. Almost every branch of useful primary or secondary studies and intellectual accomplishments, useful to people of the working and middle classes, has been provided for in this East-End University; but the "Students' Popular Entertainments," under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., and Mr. C. E. Osborn, now exhibit a rather surprising range of adaptation in extending fashionable modes of "culture" to the youth of that part of London. The most recent performance, on Thursday evening, Dec. 11, was the exhibition, by the "Garrick Dramatic Company," of a series of nine costume tableaux, illustrating Goethe's dramatic poem of "Faust"—so far as its mere action, the story of Faust and Margaret and the Evil Spirit, Mephistopheles, has been represented on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, and on that of M. Gounod's opera; for the wisdom, such as it is, of the German poet, his profound ethical insight and his philosophical satire, as well as his lyrical poetry, must necessarily be omitted. What remains is a tragedy sad enough, and unhappily too common in human experience; that of a double seduction—a man yielding to tempting offers of sensual pleasure, at the instigation of that mediæval personification of wickedness, the Devil; and then, an ignorant maiden, corrupted and betrayed, and consigned to prison for infanticide, dying in the final act. It may be considered that this dramatic example has a salutary moral effect; but its application to real life is somewhat mystified by the introduction of Mephistopheles, the demon of egotism, as a privileged magician, with power to transform the elderly, thoughtful, studious Faust into a reckless youngster, and to give him all worldly gratifications, as the price of his soul. The tableaux were arranged by Mr. J. Hartley Knight and Mr. Arthur Were, the stage-manager, and were enacted by a company of fifteen gentlemen and five ladies, one of whom sang. The scenery and costumes were proper, including the scenes in Faust's study, a street in old Nuremberg, the tavern, Margaret's house and garden, the female gossip at the well, the church, the duel with the girl's brother at night, and the prison.

We present an illustration of this East-End novelty performance.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, has been elected a member of the French Academy, in succession to the late M. Emile Augier, the eminent dramatist. M. Zola was one of the unsuccessful candidates.

The newly elected Italian Parliament was opened on Dec. 10. The Prince of Naples and his cousin, the Duke D'Aosta, took the oath as Senators for the first time. King Humbert, who was frequently interrupted by applause, delivered the Speech from the Throne, which related chiefly to home affairs. In his concluding sentences his Majesty said he had guaranteed the right of the religion of his ancestors, as well as that liberty of conscience which was the most honourable attribute of our times. But he would never permit his sovereign authority to suffer derogation in the name of religion. This remark was received with a storm of cheering.

Queen Christina gave a small State concert on Dec. 13, at Madrid, being the first public entertainment at the palace since the death of the late King Alfonso. Only 600 invitations were issued, including Ministers of State, the Diplomatic Body, grantees of Spain, and the principal officials of the palace and Government.—The new Spanish railway from Algeciras to Jimena was opened for general traffic on the 13th.

The German Imperial Court removed, on Dec. 12, from Potsdam to Berlin for the winter. The Emperor received, on the 14th, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Luxembourg, who bore the notification of his father's accession to the Grand Duchy. On Sunday, the 14th, the Empress Frederick, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen, and Princess Margaret, visited the Church of Peace, at Potsdam, in memory of the anniversary of the deaths of her father the Prince Consort, her sister Princess Alice of Hesse, and the late Queen Elizabeth, widow of King Frederick William.

A committee of Belgian ladies have forwarded to their Queen, as a souvenir of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the throne, a cheque for 75,000f. At the Queen's request the money will be handed over to the Workmen's Accidents Insurance Fund. Her Majesty has forwarded to the donors a letter thanking them for their generous gift.

The Cape Parliament has been further prorogued until March 31.

The Volksraad of the Orange Free State has been opened at Bloemfontein.

The Czarewitch, Grand Duke George of Russia, and Prince George of Greece arrived at Aden on Dec. 15, and were received on landing with the usual Royal honours. His Imperial Highness and party were to leave again at night for Bombay.

Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. T. P. Gill sailed on Dec. 13 from New York to France, and Mr. Harrington left on the Aurania.—The American Indian Chief Sitting Bull and his son Crowfoot have been killed in a conflict between his followers and the police who had arrested him. Several lives were lost on each side.

An officer sent out by the Provincial Government of Quebec to investigate the unexplored forests of the Northern Ottawa region has returned, after several months' absence, and reports his discovery of about 2500 square miles covered with the finest pine, spruce, and other valuable timber, with excellent streams to float it out. He describes this region, which lies between Abitibi in the west and Camachimaga in the east, as fertile in soil and temperate in climate.

The appointment of Sir Alexander Miller, Q.C., to be an Ordinary Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, in succession to Sir A. Scoble, K.C.S.I., Q.C., is officially announced. We are also informed officially that Mr. Bertram Wodehouse Currie, Member of the Council of India, who has completed his ten years of office, has been reappointed by the Secretary of State for India for a further period of five years.

Miss Patti Winter again kindly provided, on Dec. 16, the usual weekly entertainment to the patients at Brompton Hospital. The other artists who assisted were Mlle. Mexia (successful début), Miss E. Caverhill-Shiels, Miss Ella Winter, Mr. Martyn Van Lennep, Master Harley Barker, and Mr. James Appleton, the duties of accompanist being in the able hands of Mr. J. L. Phillips. Miss Patti Winter's brilliant and effective singing of "In Seville's Groves" was heartily encored.



## MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

The majority of the Irish Home Rule Parliamentary Party have chosen Mr. Justin McCarthy, instead of Mr. Parnell, to be their leader in the House of Commons. He was born at Cork in Nov. 1830, son of the late Mr. Michael Francis McCarthy, and was educated in that city. In 1853 he went to Liverpool as a newspaper reporter; he came to London in 1860, and became one of the Parliamentary reporters of the *Morning Star*, was soon afterwards foreign editor of that journal, and its chief editor from 1864 to 1868. He contributed also to several of the periodical reviews and magazines, and wrote novels; among the earliest of these were, in 1867, "The Waterdale Neighbours"; in 1860, "My Enemy's Daughter"; and "Lady Judith," in 1871. During three years he travelled in the United States, writing also for some American periodicals. After his return to England Mr. McCarthy wrote political leading articles for the *Daily News*, and produced successful novels: "A Fair Saxon," in 1873; "Dear Lady Disdain," in 1875; and "Miss Misanthrope," in 1877; to which he has added "Donna Quixote" and "A Maid of Athens," besides joint authorship, with Mrs. Campbell Praed, of "The Ladies' Gallery." He has compiled a "History of Our Own Times," in four volumes, and a "History of the Four Georges," besides much other literary work, including a volume of critical essays called "Con Amore," and an account of the prohibitory Liquor Laws in America. Mr. McCarthy went into politics, as an adherent of Mr. Parnell, in 1879, was elected M.P. for the county of Longford, and sat for that constituency till 1886, when he preferred the seat for Londonderry. He now declares that Mr. Parnell's leadership "appeals to hatred between the people of England and the people of Ireland," and that it will "wreck the Home Rule cause." He has been vice-chairman of the Irish Land League and of the Irish National League, officially second to Mr. Parnell. His son, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, born in 1859, is M.P. for Newry, and is a journalist and "littérateur," author of one or two comedies represented on the stage.

Prince Victor of Hohenlohe has completed the plaster cast of the life-size statue of the Princess of Wales, subscribed for by the ladies of England with the Marchioness of Salisbury at their head, which will ultimately be placed in the vestibule of the Royal College of Music.



MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.,

CHAIRMAN OF MAJORITY OF IRISH MEMBERS.

## MR. PARNELL AT CORK.

The arrival of Mr. Parnell, on Thursday, Dec. 11, at the city of Cork, which he represents in the House of Commons, was hailed with a popular demonstration in his favour. He had left Dublin by the afternoon train at one o'clock, immediately after forcing an entrance, with his followers, into the office of the newspaper called *United Ireland*, and turning out those of its staff who adhered to Mr. William O'Brien. Mr. Parnell, accompanied in his journey by Dr. Fitzgerald, M.P., Mr.

Joseph Nolan, M.P., Mr. Pierce Mahony, M.P., and Mr. Harrison, M.P., was cheered by crowds of people on his departure from Dublin, and at Portarlington, Maryborough, Thurles, and other stations along the line; but at Limerick Junction there was much hooting and howling and groaning at him; and at Mallow there was a mob of hundreds of his foes, who attempted to smash the door or window of the carriage, with the intention of dragging him out and doing him bodily harm.

When the train got to Cork, later in the evening than usual, the excitement was intense and the cheering vociferous. There were many thousand people assembled; and it took some time, owing to the enormous crush, before a procession could be formed. Upwards of an hour was occupied in parading the principal streets. Mr. Parnell was unable to reach the carriage waiting for him, and contented himself with a seat in an hotel omnibus. This was preceded by a number of men bearing blazing torches and tar-barrels, while fireworks were let off at frequent intervals. Mr. Parnell's reception in the city was the most enthusiastic he has ever had in Cork.

Mr. Parnell entered the Victoria Hotel amid a scene of great enthusiasm, and was at once ushered upstairs into the reading-room of the Chamber of Commerce, where he was received with prolonged cheering by the large number of persons gathered there. An address from the National League was presented; and the Mayor of Cork bade him welcome on behalf of the city. Mr. Parnell then made a speech, from the window, to the crowd in the street, of which scene we have procured an illustration. He congratulated the city on having justified "its proud title of Rebel Cork"; he denounced the "recreant" members of the Irish Parliamentary party; he declared that Mr. Gladstone and Ireland were again in conflict; and he defied the "Grand Old Man," with his "trumpery" Home Rule Bill, to win the support of the Irish

people: The Mayor also spoke, followed by Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., Dr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Harrison.

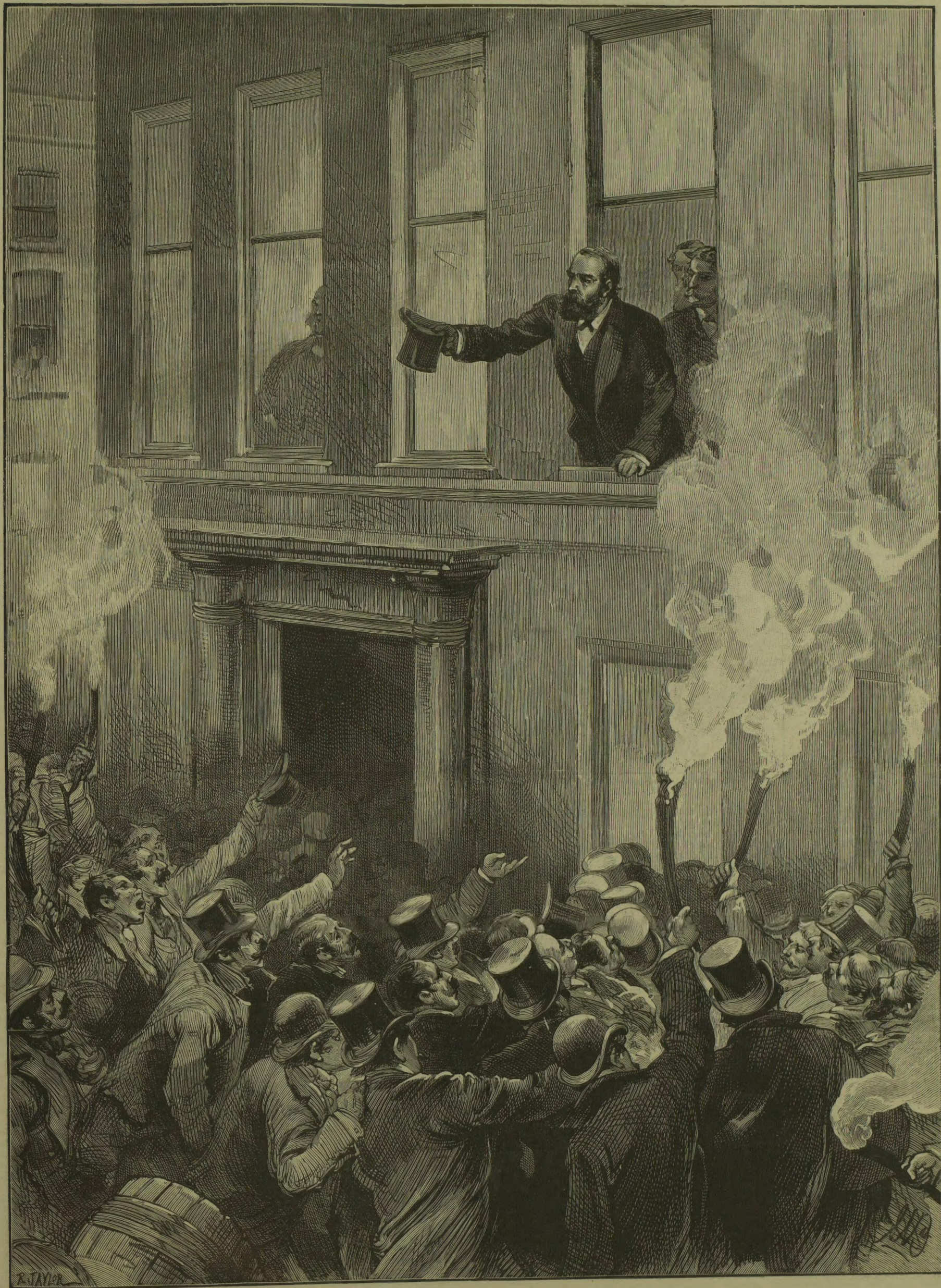
Mr. Parnell stayed the night at the house of Mr. Horgan, a solicitor, who is agent for Mr. Vincent Scully, the Parnellite candidate for Kilkenny. Next morning, at the Victoria Hotel, he received deputations of the Cork National League and of the Irish Democratic Labour Federation; he also made a short speech to the reporters. Leaving Cork in the afternoon, he proceeded to Kilkenny, where a torchlight procession escorted him to the hotel, and he addressed the crowd.



Tableau vi., Act 3. Faust and Mephistopheles see Margaret at her spinning-wheel.

MOVING COSTUME TABLEAUX BY THE GARRICK DRAMATIC COMPANY AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE: "FAUST."





MR. PARNELL ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS FROM A WINDOW OF THE VICTORIA HOTEL AT CORK.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Christmas has come again, and the Alhambra is the first theatre to tell us of the happy holiday season! A mysterious whisper came to us the other day that we were to have pantomime this year without any clown, and that the days of the buttered slide and the purloined sausages were numbered. Happily, this is only partially true. There is to be a semblance of harlequinade at Old Drury, but a harlequinade, so it is said, of an "unconventional," unorthodox, and music-hall pattern. I don't myself suppose that the children—for whose sake pantomime has been perpetuated—would have broken into revolt and rebellion if popular Harry Payne, the last of the good old clowns, the last of a family of brilliant pantomimists, had bounded on to the stage again and wished us "A Merry Christmas and a Sloppy New Year." But it was not to be. Harry Payne, healthy and hearty, active and in the best of health, haunts the precincts of Drury with his famous moustache still unshaved. The children should go down in a body and present a petition to the Directors of the Crystal Palace and beg for a sight of dear old Harry Payne in the glass house at Sydenham, where almost alone in and about London are perpetuated the glories of good old-fashioned Christmas pantomime—pantomime with fun in it, as distinguished from pantomime of silks, satins, processions, and costly magnificence.

The entertainment at the Alhambra is more of an extravaganza in dumb show than a ballet. The story is clearly and well told, and the acting is particularly good. There is no mute actress on the stage so good as Mdlle. Marie. She improves every year, and everyone who understands what acting is, as apart from dawdling on the stage, should take notice of Mdlle. Marie, the graceful representative of the Prince, who awakens the Princess Diana from her trance of a hundred years. She tells the story with her expressive face and her mobile fingers. This gifted lady is a true pantomimist in the Italian sense of the word. If she were ever allowed to speak on the stage I believe that Mdlle. Marie would be one of our best actresses, for she knows the art of pantomime, and has acquired a gift of which some of our leading actresses know nothing, and will continue to know nothing until the end of time.

In the leading incident of the story the stage-manager is, no doubt, a little at fault. Tennyson has described the ideal Sleeping Beauty—

She sleeps : on either hand upwells  
The gold-fringed pillow, lightly prest.  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.

Not so Signorina Legnani, who reclines in a very uncomfortable attitude, with her chin resting on her hand, and, *mirabile dictu!* the Prince is not allowed to "stoop and kiss her on his knee," but Prince and Princess indulge in a mystic *pas de deux* before the awakening kiss is delivered. I don't know what the children would say to this innovation, and can only conclude that they will not know anything of the revised fairy story, for the Alhambra is, of course, for "grown-ups," who do not take very much interest in fairy mythology. Into the romance of "La Belle au Bois Dormant" has been woven a certain Evil Geni, personated with marvellous skill and activity by Signor De Vincenti, who bounds as high as an indiarubber ball. Years ago there existed a "boulder" of great elastic force. His name was Stead, and he used to sing a ditty whose refrain was: "A Cure! A Cure! A Cure! A Cure! Now, isn't it a Cure!" The higher the athletic Stead bounded, the more the audience laughed. But I think De Vincenti might have beaten Stead at his own game. He is as a male Aeneas without the wires. The credit of this very beautiful and dramatic ballet belongs to the renowned L. Espinosa, who appears to be a great favourite with his lady pupils. On the first night a stalwart and muscular ballerina pursued poor Espinosa behind the wings and brought him to the front with Amazonian force. The ballet-master was reduced almost to a pulp and a jelly, and the frightened look on his face as he adjusted his ruffled plumes after this hot encounter was one of the most amusing incidents of a delightful evening. The gorgeous dresses—and beautiful indeed they are—come from the well-known atelier of M. and Madame Alias, who have imitated with great skill the best specimens of English and foreign lace. The Honiton and Brussels patterns are exquisite. Once more, and as skilfully as ever, M. Jacobi has provided the ballet music, and the whole thing is a triumph for all concerned in it. If all the Christmas shows go off as well as the Alhambra ballet extravaganza, London will, indeed, be fortunate. Among the recent attractions at the Alhambra is a fine baritone singer, Mr. Charles Noke, who was recently an officer in the merchant service of the Navy. He has left the fore-castle for the stage, and though, doubtless, his messmates will miss him, the stage is the richer by a very admirable vocalist. He has been received with great enthusiasm.

By all means, let credit be given where credit is due. Mr. Beerbohm Tree was somewhat unmercifully chaffed when he announced a series of special Haymarket "Mondays" as a means of conveniently breaking the "long run" system. It was predicted that the Haymarket "Monday Pops" might turn out "Monday Unpops." But such is evidently not the case. I found the house crowded when "The Red Lamp" was revived, with the manager as the red-faced, plethoric Russian, Demetrius; and it was more crowded than ever on the coldest, snowiest, bitterest night of the declining year, when the cabs would not run and the buses were striking, and when "Captain Swift" made his reappearance in the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and a very distinguished audience. Of course Mr. Tree was the slim bushranger—a part that suits him to admiration, and he was lucky enough to secure the services of Lady Monckton for her original character. The play, as revived, gave the greatest delight.

But, if rumour is to be believed, the active Mr. Beerbohm Tree must have his hands pretty full of new plays. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has read to the company a new play, called "A Dancing Girl," which is now in active rehearsal, and is said by the wisecracks to be even better than "Judah." That is good news indeed if it be true, though

it is not always good to be wise before the event—in case of accidents. Little by little all the main facts concerning the play have eked out in paragraphs, so that long before the curtain draws up we shall know all about the play and its incidents—a mistake, I venture to think. Surprise is one of the conditions of success, and we should all enjoy the new drama much more if the players would keep their own counsel.

This done, Mr. Tree is to turn his attention to still another play written by a new author with an ominous name. It begins with what Mr. Gilbert has called "a big, big D," and, not to speak it profanely, it is actually a Mr. Dam who has written "Diamond Deane." *Absit omen!* The players are proverbially superstitious. They never speak the "tag" of the play on the stage before the "first night," and anyone who hisses at rehearsal is heavily fined.

Lastly, we are told that the Haymarket manager has promised to produce still another play by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Stevenson on the well-worn and played-out subject of "Robert Macaire." In this case also somebody has again been behind the scenes, and tells us, *ex cathedra*, that the new Robert Macaire is "appallingly clever" (whatever that may mean), and informs us that the great scene is where "Macaire, after murdering a man, wipes the knife on his follower's clothes." This is, doubtless, also "appallingly clever," but it certainly does not sound very nice, and should, like all such inspired statements, be taken "cum grano salis." The difficulty seems to be, according to the inspired paragraphist, to get an English actor who can play a simpleton like Jefferson! I never knew before that Jefferson ever did play a simpleton. I should hardly class Rip van Winkle or Bob Acres in the ranks of stage simpletons—but then, perhaps I know nothing about the subject, and I have certainly not yet had the advantage of reading the new "Robert Macaire," or knowing whether it is "appallingly clever"—a phrase about as vile as "awfully jolly."

C. S.

## CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY HOME, SHANKLIN.

Among the many benevolent efforts to help the poor, there are none more praiseworthy than those which are directed to succour the sick children of the "slums," who are too often left uncared for and unaided in their fight for life. The



EAST-END CHILDREN AT THE HOLIDAY HOME, SHANKLIN.

benefit conferred upon the poor of the East-End by such an institution as the London Hospital is incalculable; but many of the gutter children, who are there rescued from death, return to their squalid and poverty-stricken homes in a more or less weak and debilitated condition. A small cottage home has lately been established at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, for the reception of East-End children after leaving the hospital. The children sent down are of the poorest class, and few of them have ever been outside the slums in which they live. They are all convalescent after more or less serious illness, and they remain at the seaside for a month. With unstinted food, fresh air, and kind treatment they are benefited both in body and mind, and after their month's holiday they are placed once more in a fit condition to renew their struggle for existence.

Thirty children have been sent down since the summer; and next year it is hoped to double the number if the necessary funds can be obtained. £150 will accomplish this, including the railway fares of the children.

Donations and subscriptions for the Children's Holiday Home, Greengrounds, Shanklin, will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Constance Francis, Lucombe Chine, near Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

In order that the adults connected with the hospitals and workhouses may participate in the good things given to the children in the *Truth* toy distribution, Mr. F. J. Horniman, of Wormwood-street, City, has sent Mr. Labouchere 1200 packets of tea to be given to them as a Christmas box.

The availability of ordinary return tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will be extended over the Christmas Holidays as usual. On Dec. 23, 24, and 26, extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, &c. On Boxing Day special cheap excursions will be run from Brighton, &c., to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and the holiday entertainments on Boxing Day, extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Dec. 22, 23, 24 for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the fares charged at London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

## OBITUARY.

LORD TOLLEMACHE.

The Right Hon. John, Lord Tollemache of Helmingham, Suffolk, died on Dec. 9. His Lordship was born Dec. 5, 1805, the eldest son of Vice-Admiral John Richard Delap Halliday, who changed his patronymic for the surname of Tollemache, in right of his mother, Lady Jane Tollemache, daughter and coheiress of Lyonel, third Earl of Dysart. He married, first, Aug. 2, 1826, Georgina Louisa, his cousin, daughter of Mr. Thomas Best and Lady Emily Stratford, his wife, and secondly, Jan. 7, 1850, Minnie, daughter of Mr. James Duff. By his first wife (who died July 18, 1846) he leaves Wilbraham Frederick, second Lord, and Lyonel Arthur, who is married to the youngest daughter of Lord Egerton of Tatton; and by his second, nine sons and one daughter. The present Lord, formerly M.P. for West Cheshire, has been twice married. The nobleman whose decease we record, for many years M.P. for South, and afterwards for West, Cheshire, was created Baron Tollemache of Helmingham Jan. 17, 1876.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Arthur Tower, commanding 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment, on Dec. 5, at Jhansi, N.W.P., India, aged forty-four. He was son of the Rev. R. Beauchamp Tower.

Major Cathcart Bogle, V.C., at Sherborne House, on Dec. 12. He gained the Victoria Cross in 1857 for having, when a young Lieutenant 78th Highlanders, stormed, with a few men of his regiment, the gate of Oude, and opened a way for Havelock's force.

Lady Caroline Alicia Russell, widow of Mr. George Lake Russell, youngest son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bart., of Swallowfield, on Dec. 11,

at 62, Lowndes-square, in her eighty-eighth year. She was the youngest daughter of Edward, first Earl of Limerick, and was married in 1832.

The Right Hon. Maria Diana, Countess of Ravensworth, suddenly, at Ravensworth Castle, near Gateshead, on Dec. 8. Her Ladyship was only child of the late Captain Orlando Gunning-Sutton, R.N., fourth son of Sir George William Gunning, Bart., by Elizabeth, his wife, sister of Orlando, Lord Bradford.

The Right Honourable Emily, Dowager Lady Belper, suddenly, at Milford House, Belper, on Dec. 12. Her Ladyship was youngest daughter of the Right Rev. William Otter, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, was married in 1837 to the Right Hon. Edward Strutt (created Baron Belper in 1856), and had issue four sons and four daughters.

Captain George Dartmouth FitzRoy, R.N., of Craig Dhu, Kingussie, N.B., on Dec. 7, at Brockenhurst, Hants. He was second son of Mr. William Simon Houghton FitzRoy of Kempston, Norfolk, whose father, Lieutenant-General the Hon. William FitzRoy, was sixth son of the first Lord Southampton.

The Rev. Sir C. H. Foster, Bart., of whom an obituary notice was given in our last issue, was third Baronet, having succeeded his elder brother Sir Frederick, and he is succeeded by his grandson Augustus Vere, son of John Frederick.

## ROYAL PRIZE CATTLE, SMITHFIELD SHOW.

Our Illustrations represent several of the fine animals belonging to her Majesty the Queen, and to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, successful exhibitors at the annual cattle show of the Smithfield Club, opened on Monday, Dec. 8, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

The Queen was again a most successful exhibitor, though not to the same extent as at Birmingham. In all, ten animals were entered from Windsor and four from Balmoral, but of the latter only three were sent. Two of these were unnoticed; with the others, her Majesty won the championships of the Shorthorn and Devon breeds, the championship for the best cow or heifer, and the championship of the entire show, besides three first prizes, two seconds, two thirds, one high commendation, and two commended.

The Elkington champion plate, for the best animal of any kind in the show, with the prize of a hundred guineas, and with the Club's gold medal to the breeder, was awarded to the Queen's shorthorn heifer, Princess Josephine II., bred by Mr. W. Duthie, Collynie, Tarves, Aberdeenshire; reared by Mr. Clement Stephenson (Aberdeen Angus heifer, Retice). We are sorry to hear that this fine heifer has died since the exhibition.

The first prize, £25, for the best steer above two and under three years old was awarded to her Majesty for one from the Flemish Farm, Windsor Park; bred by Lord Portman at Bryanston, Dorset. The first prize, £25, for the best shorthorn steer under two years old was also won by the Queen, with an animal from the Shaw Farm at Windsor.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales also gained fair success at this exhibition. With his three cross-bred cattle he obtained in each case a commendation; while with five pens of Southdowns he secured a first prize, a second prize, a high commendation, and a commendation. These latter were all won in very keen competitions—probably in as excellent classes as any for sheep. We give an illustration of the Southdown ewes, over three years old, for which his Royal Highness took the first and second prizes; they were from the Duke of Richmond's flock at Goodwood.

The Court of Common Council have granted £105 in aid of the funds of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, 11, Fitzroy-square, W.





1. Prince of Wales's Southdown ewes over three years old, 1st prize.  
2. Her Majesty's heifer, winner of Gold Medal and Champion Plate.

3. Her Majesty's Devon steer, under three years, 1st prize.  
4. Her Majesty's shorthorn steer, not exceeding two years, 1st prize.

PRIZE CATTLE AND SHEEP EXHIBITED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.



## SIR EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.

The sudden death, on Friday evening, Dec. 12, of this eminent sculptor was the effect of heart-disease. The circumstances of this sad event are peculiar, and must have inflicted a severe shock on her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who had just entered his studio on a customary visit, being one of his former pupils. Sir Edgar Boehm was there awaiting her Royal Highness, about six o'clock, and quite alone, when he was seized with hemorrhage of the heart. It was Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., the occupant of the adjoining studio at 76, Fulham-road, who first discovered Sir Edgar in a comatose condition. He was kneeling on the floor, with his head resting on a couch. He was laid upon the couch, where he expired.

Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm was born on July 4, 1834, at Vienna, where his father, a Hungarian, was director of the Austrian Mint. He was educated at Vienna, and studied in Paris, in Italy, and in England, where he has been settled since 1862. His first important work in this country was a colossal statue of the Queen, for Windsor Castle, executed in 1869. Since that time the sculptor has rarely been without a Royal commission. Mr. Boehm was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1878, and an Academician in 1882: he was also a member of several foreign Academies. He was nominated Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen in 1881, and was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom in July 1889. Among his best-known public works are—a colossal statue of John Bunyan, for Bedford, in 1872; statues of Lord Napier of Magdala; Earl Russell, for St. George's Hall, Westminster; Lord Lawrence, for Waterloo-place; Thomas Carlyle and William Tyndall, for the Victoria Embankment; Lords Beaconsfield and Stratford De Redcliffe; and Dean Stanley, for Westminster Abbey; busts of the leading politicians, soldiers, and scientific men of the later portion of the Queen's reign, portraits in bronze of famous racehorses, and models of lions and bulls. The deceased married, in 1860, the only daughter of Mr. F. Lawrence Boteler, of West Derby, Liverpool, by whom he has left one son—a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery—and three daughters.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Walery, 164, Regent-street, one of the published series of "Our Celebrities."

A life-size statue of Mr. Henry Irving has been presented to the Corporation of London by the sculptor, Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. The figure is seated, and in the character of Hamlet. It has been placed in their permanent art gallery at the Guildhall.



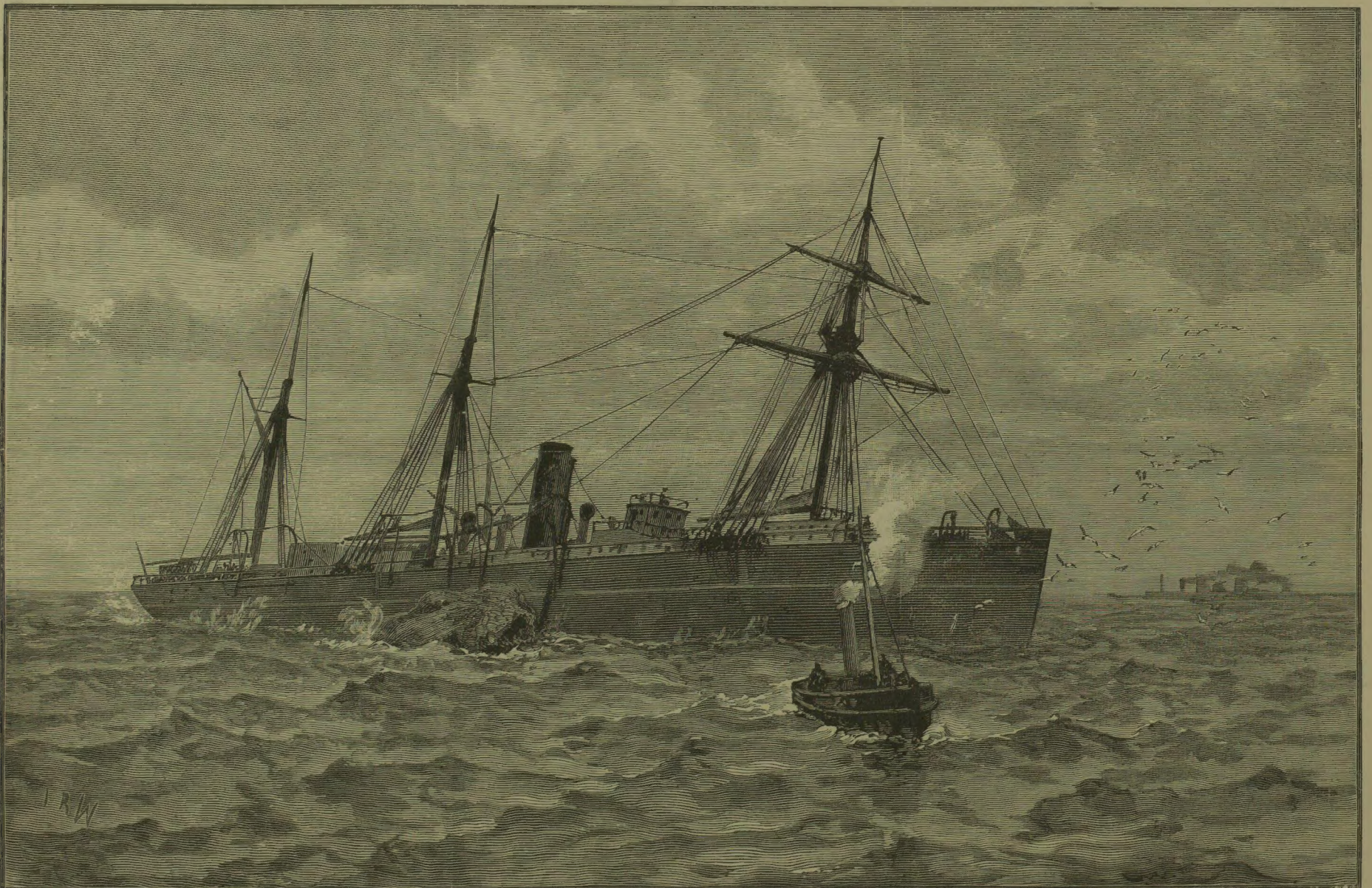
THE LATE SIR EDGAR BOEHM, R.A., SCULPTOR.

## WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP NEPAUL.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 10, the steamship Nepal, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, returning home from China, Calcutta, and Bombay, attempting in a thick fog to enter Plymouth harbour, without a pilot, was stranded on the Shagstone, or the Baynes Rock, six miles from the town of Plymouth. It was at low tide, about half past eight or nine in the evening; the engines were reversed, but could not get the ship off, and rocket signals of distress were thrown up. H.M.S. Raleigh, with the Government steam-tugs Etna and Perseverance, several local tugs, and the Plymouth life-boat, went out to render assistance; and much specie and other valuables, and passengers' baggage, were saved. Captain Brady, who commanded the Nepal, with his officers, had some trouble to keep the Lascar crew on board, and to make them work at the pumps, which, however, did not prevent the hold of the ship filling with water, so that she settled down at the stern, leaning over to the starboard. Early next morning, four of the tugs, including the Vixen and Triumph, attempted to haul her off the rock, but without success. The passengers, of whom there were nine, went ashore, and some part of the cargo was fetched by lighters, but the tea was greatly damaged. It was expected that the ship would go to pieces. Our illustration of the wreck is a view sketched by Mr. F. H. Leest, of the Laboratory on Mount Wise, Devonport. The small mast seen beyond the stern of the Nepal is that of a trawler, the Baroda, which was stranded, about the same time, on the east side of the Mewstone.

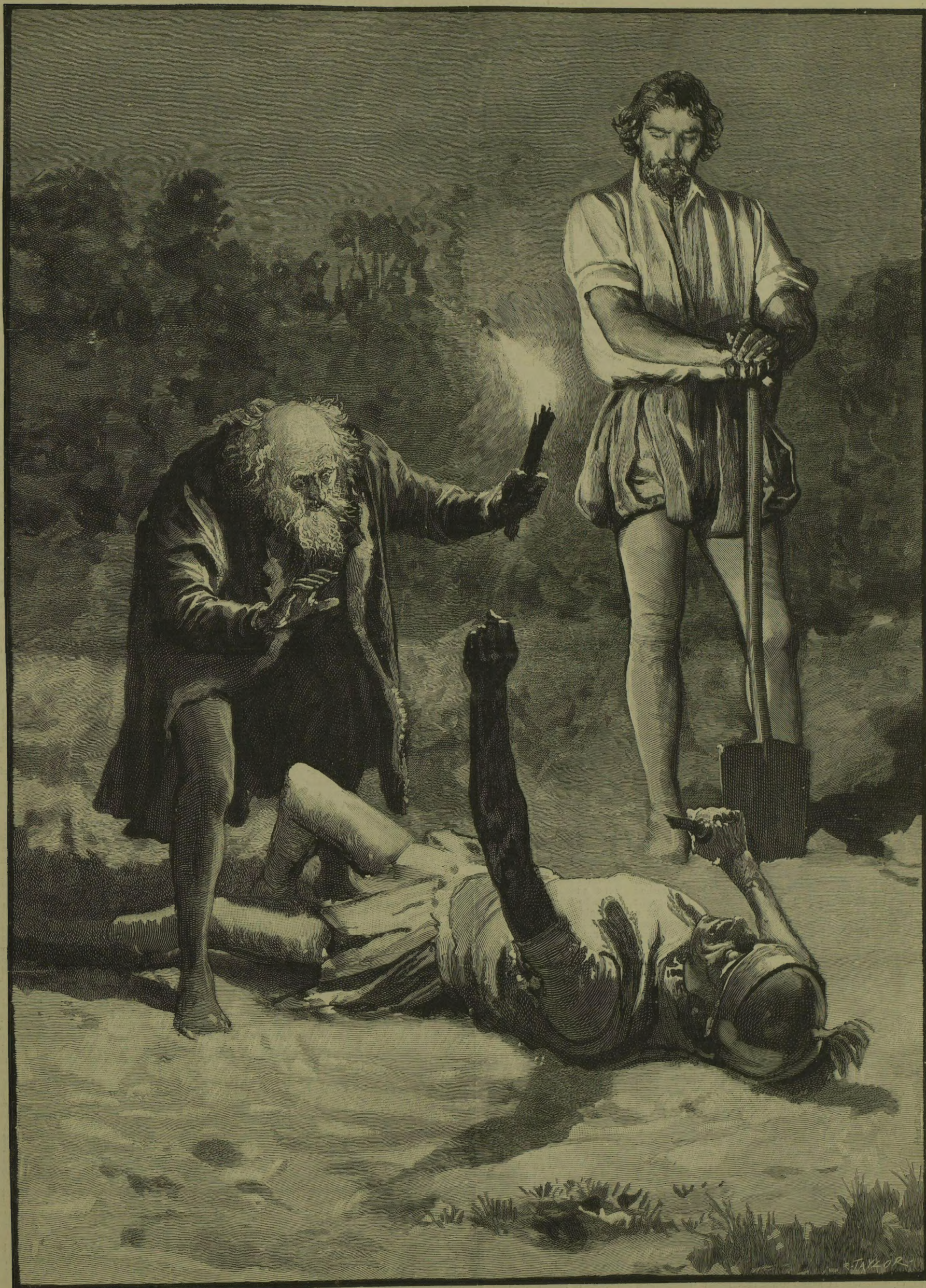
At the People's Palace, the Duke of Fife, who distributed, on Dec. 10, the prizes to successful students in the technical classes, impressed upon his audience the importance of self-denial and hard work.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office the undermentioned testimonials, which have been awarded by the French Government to the master and certain members of the crew of the Allan Line steamer Polynesian, of Glasgow, in recognition of the services rendered by them to the shipwrecked crew of the French brig Mathilde on Jan. 25, 1890: a binocular glass to Mr. Andrew C. Whyte (master), a second-class gold medal to Mr. John A. Fairfull (mate), and a second-class silver medal to each of the following seamen: Henry Morris, Thomas Briercliffe, Alexander Knox, George Baird, W. Macintosh, and George Carroll.



THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAMER NEPAUL AGROUND ON SHAGSTONE, OFF PLYMOUTH.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*There, in the torchlight which Faulkener held above him, slept that kiln-dried soldier. He lay flat upon his back, and, while one knotted shrivelled fist was stretched stiff in front in deathless anger, the broken digits of his other hand were welded by red iron rust about the red rusty hilt of a bladeless sword.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

The episodes I now relate are so strange, so nearly impossible, that I hesitate to set them down lest you should call me untruthful and a *jongleur*; nevertheless, they are told as they occurred, and you must believe them as you may.

My quaint recluse had not been slain that night we tried his infernal engine, but had lain in a long swoon after I carried him from amid the wreck and débris of his den out into the moonlight. That swoon, indeed, lasted for a whole day and night; and Elizabeth wrung her white hands over her father's seeming lifeless body, while Emanuel picked his yellow teeth reflectively with his dagger-point at the couch-foot and Dame Margery spent all her art in unguents and salves upon the luckless inventor ere he showed signs of returning life.

At last, however, he revived, and made a long, slow recovery of many days under the gentle ministring of his women. And while he throve hour by hour in the spring sunshine on the bench of his porch, I wooed his daughter in wayward, dissatisfied kind, and laughed scornfully at the black Spaniard's jealous scowls, and won the mellow heart of the old dame by my gallantry and courtesy. But it was child's play. I longed again to feel the hot pulse of keen emotions throbbing in my veins, to struggle with some strong tide of hot adventure, and so at last I had made up my mind to leave my good host and hostess at an early season, and, turning soldier again, espouse the first quarrel which chance threw in my way.

Then one day it happened—a strange day indeed to me—old Master Adam Faulkener had grown weary of his cranks and fan-wheels, and had gone for solace to his dusty tomes and classics. Exploring amid them, in an eventful moment he had taken down a missal penned by some old Saxon monk, and turned to a passage he must have known well, since it was marked and thumbed. And while the ancient scholar read and mumbled over that quaint black letter with its gorgeous gold and crimson uncials, I, who chanced to stand a little way apart, saw the wan blood mount in a thin pink glow to the enthusiast's cheeks, and in that flush recognised that he was warm upon another quest. He mumbled and muttered to himself, and while he sauntered up and down, or stopped now and then to thumb and pore over that leathern volume, I caught, in disjointed fragments, some pieces of his thoughts. "Ha! ha! a most likely find indeed, a splendid treasure-house of trophies—and to think that no one but old Ambrose and I wot of it, ho! ho! What does he say?" *And in this place was destroyed a noble house, and the anger of the Lord fell on the pagan defenders, and they were slain one and all. Ah! God levelled their idolatrous dwelling-places and scattered their ashes to the four winds of heaven, and with them were destroyed—the common legend sayeth—all their hoards of brass and silver, all their accursed images of bronze and gold, all their trinkets and fine raiment, so that the vengeance of the Lord was complete, and the heathen was utterly wiped out.* "Good, very good, Brother Ambrose," muttered the old man with chuckling pleasure. "And now, where did this thing happen?" *This house which harboured so much lewdness stood on the hillcock by the road a few miles from the river, and had all that land which now is holy perquisite to the neighbouring abbey.* Good! good!—for certain 'tis the very spot I thought of—a happy, happy chance that made me light upon this passage—I who live so near the spot it speaks of—I who alone of thousand can use it as the golden key to unlock such a sweet mine of relics as that buried pagan home must be. Oh! Ambrose, I am grateful," and patting the musty monkish tome in childish pleasure, he replaced it reverently upon its shelf.

Then up and down he paced, the student's passion burning hot within him, muttering as he went: "Why not to-night? Why not, why not? There is no season better for such a work than soon, and I have my license," whereon he went to a peg on the wall and fumbled in the wallet of the ragged cloak I had seen him wear the night we met. In a minute out came a brand-new scroll of parchment, neatly rolled and folded, and stamped with the Royal seal. That scroll Adam Faulkener unrolled, and, setting his horn glasses on his nose, began to read the paper at arm's length with inarticulate sounds of rapture. It seemed to delight him so much that presently I sauntered over to share in the merriment, forgetting I had thus far been unobserved; but when we came within two paces of each other the scholar, perceiving me, with a cry of dismay stuffed the crushed parchment hurriedly into his bosom as though he thought himself about to be robbed of something precious by a sudden ambushade. However, in a minute he recognised the robber, and was reassured, yet undecided still, and inch by inch the white roll came forth, while the old man kept his eyes fixed on mine. What were his scrips and scrolls to me? I smiled to note the store he set by them: there was not one of those poor things could interest me more nearly than a last year's leaf from the garden yonder—and yet, strange to say, that white roll, creeping into light from under his rusty gaberdine, did attract me somehow. Long life and strange experience have wakened in me senses dormant in other mortals, and I begin to be conscious of a knowledge beyond common knowing, a sense behind other senses, which grows with practice, and seems ambitious by-and-by to bridge the gulf which separates tangible from unreal, and what is from what will be. That growing perspicacity within me smelt something of weight about Faulkener's writing more than usual, and with my curiosity gently roused, I queried—

"That seems a script of value, Sir. Is its interest particular or public?"

"In some ways, good youth," Faulkener answered hesitatingly, as he unfolded the scroll so slowly as though he were jealous even of the prying sunshine—"in some ways the interest of what this is the key to is very general, and in other ways it is, at least for some time to come, most private."

"Enough!" I said, "and I am sorry to have questioned you; but your pleasure in the tome over there suggested just now that this were some general matter of curiosity—some dark passage in history whereon, perhaps, two minds might shed more light than one. I ask indulgence for intrusion."

"Nay, but stop a minute! History, did you say? Why, this is history; this is the birthscript of a brand-new page in history; this is leave to turn a leaf no other fingers have ever turned, to spell out in sweet ashes and lovely fragments a whole chapter, perchance, of the bygone. Boy!" cried the old fellow, grasping my arm with his lean fingers, and whispering in my ear as though he dreaded the grinning mummy of Pharaoh in the shadow might play eavesdropper, "can you keep a secret?"

"Ay! fairly, when it does not interest me."

"Why, then—there, take that and read it," and Faulkener thrust the roll into my hands, and cast himself into an

attitude, and crossed his arms upon his chest, and stared at me from under his shaggy eyebrows as if he fancied to see fear and wonder and delight fly over my countenance while my eyes devoured that precious deed of his. What was there so wonderful in it? The thing was sealed and tasselled, the ink and paper were new, the parchment white; it was, in fact, the very vellum Faulkener had been on his way to beg at Court when we two met—a wonderful chance, as you shall presently see, an extraordinary hap indeed that brought me to his side out of the great wastes of time at the very instant when that ancient scholar was on the road to ask that license. But I did not know while I read how nearly the parchment touched me. It looked just an ordinary missive from high authority to humble petitioner, profuse and verbose, signed and counter-signed, and, amid a wilderness of words, just a grain of sense that I construed as giving the bearer leave to seek for treasure on certain lands therein mentioned, and adopt the same to his proper pleasure without tax or drawback.

"This may be a golden key, Sir," was my response, as the thing was handed back, "but it is difficult to learn anything of the door it opens by looking on it."

"Yet, nevertheless, young man, it is a golden key, and you shall see me use it, for if, as yonder broken engine hints, the Fates will that I may not pry into the misty future, yet with their leave, with the help of this and you, will I peep into the even more shadowy past. Were you ever at the opening of an ancient crypt—a stony hiding-place, for instance, where dead men's bones lay all about mid dim gems and the rusty iron playthings of love and war?"

"I do recall one such an episode."

"And did it not affect you greatly?"

"Greatly indeed."

"Ay, boy, and this that I will show you shall affect you more—we two will turn a leaf which shall read as clear to you as though you had been at the writing of it a thousand years before. It is a grassy hillock, and you shall lift that sod with me, and, if this thing is as I think it is, oh! you shall start at what you find, and cowardly shall unstring your soldier legs, you shall be dumb with wonder, and ply your mattock with damp, fearful awe beaded on your forehead, and starting eyes fixed fast in horrid pleasure on what we will unearth. Ay, if you have a spark of generous comprehension, if one drop of the milk of kindness still bides within you, you shall people this place we go to find with such teeming sprightly fancies, such moving mockeries of frail human kind new risen from their ashes at your feet, that you shall wring your hands out of pure rue for them that were, and pluck your beard in dumb chagrin, and beat upon your heart, even to watch all that which once was ruddy valour and hot love, and white beauty go adrift so upon the dusty evening wind! You will come with me?"

"Old man!" I said, pacing up and down with folded arms and bent head, "'twas upon my tongue to say I would not—I had a fair try to keep this evening, and something that I have seen of late makes such ventures as you have planned doubly distasteful to me; 'twas in my mind to laugh and shake my head—but, gods! you have stirred a pulse within me that rouses me with resistless wonder; your words tell on me strangely—there is something in that you say which echoes through my heart like the footfall of a storm upon the hollow earth, and I can do nothing but listen and acquiesce. I will come!"

"Good youth, good youth, I knew you would; and, that our hopes may not suffer by delay, let us prepare at once. Get your mattock, spade, and pick, with whatever other tools your strength shall need, and I will feed and have my pretty palfrey saddled, and con you crabbed passage over once again. So we will be ready; and at nightfall, under the yellow stars, will start upon a venture that you shall think on for many a day."

I bent my head, and we did as Faulkener suggested. But a strange unrest possessed me. When spade and mattock were hidden where we could take them up in secret (for we did not wish our enterprise too widely known), the time hung wondrously heavy on hand. All the tedious hours before sunset I was oppressed with an anxiety quaint and inexplicable; half wishing by turns I had not promised to join the mad old fellow in his moonlight quest, and then laughing my scruples down and becoming as restless for the start as before I had been reluctant. As for the scholar himself, the very shirt of Dejanira possessed him, and his impatience shone behind his yellow wrinkled face like a candle inside a horn lantern. Somehow the hours wore through, however, and when the evening was come, we set forth, Faulkener pale and eloquently raving from astride of that mean palfrey whose sumpter pad was loaded with our tools on one side, and on the other a monster sack wherein to bring back all the treasure we were to rifle, and I on foot leading that gentle beast, and thoughtful, past proportion or reason.

At first we pushed on at a brisk pace by familiar roads, but after a time our path lay more to the eastward, the scholar said, and once off the broad white track leading to the nearest town the road grew narrower and more narrow. On we went in silence, mile after mile; by rutty lanes where twittering bats flitted up and down the black arcades of overhanging bush and brier; by rushy flats where the water stood wan and dim in the uncertain light; now brushing by the heavy, dew-laden branches of a woodman's path through deep thickets of oak and beech, and then following a winding sheep-track over ling and gorse. So sombre was that way, and so few the signs of life, I wondered how the scholar kept even the direction; but he was a better pilot than he seemed, and, while he ranted silently upon the sky and waved his hands in ghostly rhythm to his unspoken thoughts, I found from a chance word or two he was in some kind watching the stars, and leading us forward by their dim light towards that goal whereof he had got knowledge from his musty tomes. On we went through the still starry night, pacing along from black shadows to black shadows, and moonlight to silver moonlight, until it must have been within an hour or two of day-breaking, for under the purple pall of sky there was a long stream of pale light in the east. It was about that time, and the night shadows were strong and ebony, and the cold breath and deep hush of a coming morning hung over everything when Faulkener first began to hesitate, and presently confessed that that which he sought for should be somewhere here, but in the glimmer of the starlight he was uncertain whether it lay to right or left. We halted, and, mounting on a hillock, peered all about us, but to little purpose, for the sombre night hid everything, the massed forest trees rose tier upon tier on every hand, like mountain ranges running on indefinite into the gloomy passes of the clouds, and the chance gleams of moonlight, lying white and still upon the dew-damp meadows, were so like great misty lakes and rivers, it were difficult to say whether they were such or no.

So back we scrambled once more, and unhitched our patient beast from the hazel whereto we had tied him, and plunged on again by dingle and sandy road, and rough woodland path, until we were hopelessly mazed, and there seemed nothing for it but to wait till daylight or go empty back. Yet, reluctant to do either, we held to it a little, hoping some

chance might favour us. 'Twas past midnight—not a crow of distant cock or yelp of village cur broke the dead stillness, and we were plodding down a turf road, when on a sudden our patient steed threw forward his ears and came to a dead stop, and, almost the same minute, the grey-clad figure of a countryman in long cape and hood, a wide slouch hat upon his head, and a tall staff in his hand, came out from the depth a hundred yards ahead of us, and with slow, measured gait and bent face walked down towards us. Old Faulkener was overjoyed. Here was one who knew the country, and would show us his precious hillock; and he shouted to that stranger, and tugged his palfrey's rein. But that observant beast was strangely reluctant: he went on a pace, then stopped and backed and pawed the silent ground, throwing his prick ears forward, whinnying, and staring at that silent coming stranger, with strange disquiet in every movement. And I—I sympathised with that dumb brute; and, as the countryman came near, somehow my blood ran cold and colder; my tongue, that was awag to ask the way, stuck helpless to my teeth; a foolish chill beset my limbs; and, by the time we met, I had only wit enough left to stare, speechless, at that grey form, in silent expectation. But the old philosopher did not feel these tremors. He was delighted at our good luck, and, fumbling in his wallet, pulled out a small silver piece which he tendered to the man, explaining at the same time our need and asking him to guide us.

The stranger took the coin in silence, and, keeping his face hidden in the shadow of his hat, said the mound was near, "he knew it well, he had bided by it long," and he would willingly show us where it lay. Back we went by copse and heather, back for half a mile, then turned to the right, and in a few minutes more came out of the brushwood into the starlight, and there at our very feet the ground was swelling up in gentle sweep to the flat top of a little island-hill lost in the sea of forest-land about it. It was the place we came for, and the scholar, without another thought for us, joyfully pricked his steed to the rise, and was soon out of sight round the shoulder of the ground.

But I! Oh, what was that strange, dull hesitation that made my feet heavy as lead upon that threshold? Whence came those thronging, formless fancies that crowded to my mind as I surveyed that smoothly rounded hillock, and all the fantastic shadows beyond it? That spot was the same one I had wandered to when I walked lonely from Faulkener's house, and here chance brought me to it anew at dead midnight; and all the old thrills of indistinct remembrance I then had felt were working in me again with redoubled force, moving my soul to such unrest that I bent my head and hid my eyes, and strove long but vainly to recall why or when I had last trodden that soil, as somewhere and somehow I was certain that I had. Thinking and thinking without purpose, presently I looked up, and there, two paces away was still that grey hedgeman leaning on his staff and regarding me from under his country hat with calm, soulless attention. I had forgotten his presence, and it was so strange to see him there, so rustic and so stately, that I started back, and an unfamiliar chill beset me for an instant. But it was only a moment, then, angry to have been surprised, I turned haughtily upon him, and, with folded arms, in mockingness of his own stern attitude, stared proudly into those black shadows where should have been his face. Jove! 'twas a stare that would not have blanched for all the lightning in a Caesar's eye or wavered one moment beneath the grim returning gaze of any tyrant that ever lived; and yet, even as I looked into that void my soul turned to water, and my eyelids quivered and bent and drooped, my arms fell loose and nerveless to my side, and every power of free action forsook me.

That being took my perturbation with the same cold lack of wonder he had shown throughout. He eyed me for a minute with his sleepy, stately calm, and then he said, "You have been here before."

"Yes," I answered; "but how or when only the great gods know"—and though I noticed it not at the moment, yet since it has flashed upon me as another link in a wondrous chain, that at that moment both I and the grey countryman were using the long-forgotten British tongue!

"And would you know, would you recall?" he queried in his passionless voice.

"Ay, if it is within your power to stir my memory, stir it, in the name of loud Taranis, of old Belenus, and all the other fiends I once believed in!"

"Well sworn, Phœnician!" said that tall nocturnal wanderer, and without another word grasped his staff and, signing to me to follow, led round the shoulder of the hillock to where, alone and solitary, we two were stayed by a trickling rivulet that sprang from a grassy basin in the slope, and went by a little rushy course winding down into the dusky thickets beyond. At that pool my guide stopped suddenly, then, pointing with stern finger still shrouded under the folds of his ample cloak—

"Drink!" he cried. "Drink and remember!"

I could no more have thwarted him than I could have torn that solid mound from off its base, and down I went upon one knee, and took a broken crock some shepherd had left behind, and filled it, and put it to my lips, and drank. Then up I leapt with a wild yell of wonder and astonishment, while right across the sullen midnight sky, it seemed, there shot out in one broad living picture all the painted pageantry of my Roman life. I saw old Roman Britain rise before me, and the quaint templed towns of a splendid epoch leap into shape from the tumbled chaos of the evening clouds. I saw the crowded episodes that had followed after my awakening in the cave where my princess had laid me; the faces of my jolly long-dead comrades seemed thronging round about me; I heard the street cries of a Roman-British city; I saw the dust rise, and the glitter as the phalanges wheeled and turned upon the castra before the porch where, a gay patrician gallant, I lounged in gold and turquoise armour. I saw Electra's ivory villa start into form and substance out of the pale, filtering Tudor moonlight, and the great white bull, and the haughty lady, stately and tall, beckoning me up her marble steps; and then I was with her, her petted youth, lying indolent and happy, toying disdainfully with the imperial love she proffered me, while we filled our rainbow shells from that bright fountain that spouted in her inner court!

With a wild cry I dropped the shepherd's crock and started back. The water I was sipping was the water of Electra's courtyard fountain! Gods! there was none other like it. Often we two had drunk of that crystal torrent as it burst, full of those sweet earth-salts the Romans loved so well, from the bowels of the earth straight into her pearly basins; the last time I had stooped to it was on that night of fiery combat when Electra's villa fell—and here I was sipping of it again, so strangely and unexpectedly that I hid my eyes a space, scarce knowing what might happen next. When I uncovered them the black dusky clouds had swallowed the painted pageantry of my vision, the night-wind blew chill round the grassy slope; the Roman villa and fountain had gone from the grey shadows where we stood—only the tinkle of the falling water was left in the darkness, and in front of me still the tall figure of that grey-clad countryman. Only that countryman! Ho! ho!



how can I describe the rush of keen wonder and fear which swept over me when, looking at him again, I saw that he had turned back the flap of his wide hat, and there, in the dead grey light, was staring at me—the same stern, passionless face that had come to my shoulder in the reek and heat of combat on this very spot thirteen hundred years before, and, doing the bidding of the great Unknown, had drawn me from those fiery shambles only just in time.

I knew him then, on the instant, as no mortal, and glared and glared at him with every nerve at tension, and speechless tongue, too numb to question, and while I stared like that with the strong emotion playing on lip and eye—it was only a minute or so, though it seemed an epoch, the face of that being was lit by a smile, sedate and impalpable.

Then, turning to me with gentle superiority, he said: "You have been long, Phœnician! They told me you would come again, and I have waited—waited for you here these few hundred years—waited until I near tired of watching all your circling vagaries. Here is the place you came to-night to find—my errand ends! Dig, wonder, and reflect—this I was told to show you and to say!" And like the echo of his own words, like the shadow of a cloud upon a rock, that strange messenger of another life was drunk up by the darkness right in front of my wondering eyes.

So swift and silent was his passage back into the outer vagueness that for a minute I could not believe he had gone in truth, and held my breath, and stared up and down, expecting he would fashion again out of the draughty air, or speak above or below, once more, in that voice every syllable of which fell clear on my soul, like water falling in a well. But it was useless to listen and peer into the gloom. The shape was gone beyond recall; and, while my mind still pondered over the strangeness of it, keeping me spellbound at the brink of that enchanted fountain, with bent head and folded arms, trying to guess how much of this was fantasy and how much fact, there rose a shout upon the still night air, and, raising my eyes, there was Faulkener's quaint black image capering wildly on the dusky skyline, the while he brandished aloft in one hand a spade, and in the other—looking quaintly like a new-severed head dangling by the hair—the first sod he had cut of that "treasure-heap" so dear and dreadful to me.

I went sullenly up to the reclus, full of such strange, conflicting feelings as you may suppose, and found him eager and excited. He had marked out a long furrow across the crest of the hill, "and this we were to open and strike out right or left according as our venture throve." Jove! I stared for a time at that black trench as though it were the narrow lip of hell, which presently should yawn and throw up a grim, ghostly, warlike crew, worse than those who frightened Jason. And then I laughed in bitterness and perplexity, and tore off my doublet and rolled my tunic-sleeves above my shoulder, and took a spade, and at one strong heave plunged it deep into the tender bosom of the swelling turf just over where the outskirts of the ancient Roman house had been, and wrenched it up. Then in again, and then again, while the mad philosopher capered in the twilight to watch my sinewy strength so well applied, and the whistling bats swept curious round us. I had not turned back a stitch of that light, peaty coverlet, when down my spade sank through an inner crust, deep into something soft and hollow-seeming; and the next minute Faulkener, who also had set to work, was into the same fine strata too. We laid it bare, and there below us shone a floor of white dim ashes, mixed with earth, and leaves, and roots.

"A torch! a torch!" yelled Faulkener, and down he went upon his knees, and, wild with exultation, wallowed in that powdery stuff, throwing it out by hand and arm-fuls, till all his clothes were covered with it, and his hoary beard was still more hoary, and his white face still more white, and his mad twinkling eyes were still more lunatic, and I helping him, full of crowding hopes and fears. And so we dug and grovelled and scraped, while the pale stars twinkled overhead, until soon my master gave a shout, and looking quickly at him—Jove! he was hand in hand with a dead white hand that he had uncovered, and was hauling at it in frantic eagerness, and scraping away the rubbish above, and slipping and plunging and staggering in the grey dust, while the beaded sweat shone on his forehead, and his white elf-locks were all astray upon the night air; and then—gods!—it began to give, and I held my breath—knowing all I knew—while the white stuff cracked and heaved about that ghostly palm, and then it opened, and—first his head, and then his shoulders, and then his stiff contorted limbs—my master dragged out into the starshine, with one strong effort, a bulky ancient warrior!

There, in the torchlight which Faulkener held above him, slept that kiln-dried soldier. He lay flat upon his back, and, while one knotted shrivelled fist was stretched stiff in front in deathless anger, the broken digits of his other hand were welded by red iron rust about the red rusty hilt of a bladeless sword. And that soldier's soulless face was set stiff and hard, while on his stern, shut lips and deep in his eyeless sockets even now restless passion and quenchless hate seemed smouldering. About that frail body still clung in melancholy tatters the shreds and remnants of purple webs and golden tissue. On his shoulders, sunk into his withered, lifeless flesh, were the mouldy straps and scales of harness and cuirass, and on his head what once had been, though now it was more like winter wrack, a gay helmet and a horseman's nodding crimson plume. It was a ghostly plaything to unearth like that under the wavering starlight, and it was doubly dreadful to note how deathlike was it while yet all the hot life-passion lay stamped for ever in unchanging fierceness on the hideous mask of dissolution. I turned away as Faulkener, gleefully shouting that he was a thousand years old if he was a day, tore the russet trophies from him, and pushed him down the hill; I turned away, grimly frowning, out into the black starlight, with folded arms, for that contorted thing was jolly Caius Martius, my merry Byzantine captain of those mercenaries who stood it out with me that last night of Roman power in England! Jolly Caius Martius! Often we two had set the British dogs a-yelping as we wandered home from noisy midnight frolics down the moonlit temple streets; often we two had driven the same boar to bay deep in his reedy stronghold; often at banquet and at feast, when the roses lay deep below and the strong warm breath of scented wine hung thick above, that curly black head the Mercian damsel liked so well had sunk happy and heavy on my shoulder. Jove! how the world had spun since then!—and there was Faulkener pushing him down the slope, and I could not raise a comrade finger for merry Caius, and could only stupidly remember, as the sprawling heap went trundling away into the brambles, how, in that long ago, I had owed him half a silver talent and had never yet repaid it!

Well, we fell to work again, and farther on, amid the passages where these ancient men had fought and fallen in the rout, we found a limb, and dug about it till we uncovered another strange, twisted hide of what was once humanity—a stalwart shell this one, but Faulkener thought little on him because he wore no links or chains, and set him rolling after the other with scant ceremony. The next we came to seemed by gear and weapons a Southern mercenary. He lay sprawl upon his face, and my master levered him out and plucked him of his scanty metal relics with no more compunction than if he

were a pigeon. It was grim wild work, there under the leer of the yellow dawning, all in the hush of the twilight, coming on those ghastly relics thus one by one, and prising them out of their ashy shells, and turning them over, and reading on each black mummy mask, that seemed to smile and grin with dead ferocity under the flickering flambeau light, the countenance and fashion of ancient comrade and ally. And ever and anon as I worked, held to the labour by a strange fascination, the melancholy footfall of the gusty wind came pacing round the hill, and with a frown and start I would look over my shoulder, half fearing, half hoping it was my grey countryman come once more. So we toiled, and toiled, while the night waned, and Faulkener's treasure-heap was swelling. And the nearer we worked to the centre of that ample round of corridors and courts the thicker came to light those old-world fighters, and presently we got right down to the tessellated paving of Electra's lordly hall, and here we found what it was which made all these ancient warriors so still and lasting. It was that strange, mysterious fountain. That jet of pungent taste and wondrous properties, when the walls fell in, had overflowed its basins and percolated through the deep soft ashes lying thick about these marble rooms and chambers, and, by the stony magic wherewith it was charged, had lined and filled those ancient gentlemen it met with, and thereafter, in long dark months of silence, had supplemented their wasting tissues with its calcareous sediment, and kept them for ever as we found them—strange, horrible, exact, and real, with passion and life stamped deep on every face, and strength and vigour in every limb, although those faces were only ashy masks, and those limbs no stouter than the vellum on which I write.

Under that crust of welded stone and ashes it was wonderful to see how perfectly was everything preserved. We raised it in great flakes from the stony flooring, and all the stain and litter of the fight lay under it, as though they were not a dozen hours old; we chipped that sealy covering from the walls, and there, fresh as the moment they were made, gleamed up under our wavering torch-light all the gay mural paintings, the smudges of battle, and the scars of axe and arrow. We lifted that pale, stiff shroud from the inner chambers, and beneath lay shreds and shells of furniture and gear; the half-baked loaves were in the oven; the fletcher's knife was on the block! Round about the bounds of that stately ruin we went, uncovering at every spadeful something mournful, forgetting fatigue and time, as wonder after wonder rose to view; thus we came at last to the mid court, where the great fight had been, and peeled the thin turf from off it, far and near.

We had scarce begun to rake aside the ashes, when down to help us came, out of the black parting clouds, strong gusts of cold morning wind, blowing fitfully at first and chill, and sobbing overhead and all about us, as though the grey air was full of spirits. It gathered strength, and, wailing over the wide floor we had uncovered, in one strong breath swept back the veil of ashes, and there—Jove!—all amid the juts of fallen masonry and stumps of beam and rafter, blackened in that fire which seemed but yesterday, were high, protruding knees of dead combatants, and stiff bent elbows, as thick as grass; and haggard, wizened faces, all stamped with twenty fine degrees of terror; and fierce clenched fists, and hands that still waved above them broken hilt and blade. There they lay in heaps and rucks about that ancient villa floor, just as they had died fighting amid the red choking ashes of the blazing roof, all horribly lifelike and yet so grimly dead! Old Faulkener yelled in sheer affright, and capered; and shook his fists towards them, and tore his lean white locks 'tween dread and wonder; and stiff my Phrygian curls seemed on my head, and cold the sweat upon my forehead.

And then, while we watched, a very wonderful thing happened, and, dreadful and beautiful, those cinders began to glow. Jutting beam and rafter grew red and redder, pile and timber and cornice caught the ambient blush, the crimson stain crept all across the hall, it burnt in mockery upon ruined wall and portico, and lit with an unearthly radiance those parched, contorted faces that grinned and leered and frowned, still in frantic struggle with their kind, all round us. Was I mad? Was this some hideous last-delusion which beset my aching mind and horror-surfeited eyes? No! there was Faulkener saw it too, and had fallen on his knees and buried his fearful face behind his hands and thrown his gaberdine cloak over his head to shut out that dreadful sight. I drew my hand across my face and looked again; it was true, too true—that charred and ancient villa was all alight once more; wherever fire had been, at every point and crevice, there the ambient glow was smouldering with a flameless brightness. It underlay the silver ashes with a hot golden shine; it gilded all the fallen metal statues of gods and goddesses until they seemed to shimmer beneath its touch; it shone near by under the walls and far out upon the steps—it was so real, so terribly like what it had been here a thousand years before, that I half bent to take a weapon, in the delusion of that brilliant fantasy, a husky cry of encouragement to those stark, ancient warriors half framed itself upon my lips—and then, how exactly I know not, but somehow a slight insequence flashed upon me, and in another minute I had spun angrily round upon my heel—and there I saw, right behind us, calm, benignant, crimson, the great May-sun was topping the eastern oak-trees.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## NEW STORY BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

In our Number for Jan. 3, being the first of a New Volume, will be commenced an Original Tale by W. CLARK RUSSELL, entitled "MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH"; with Illustrations by W. H. OVEREND.

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## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among vocal music recently published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., the following songs claim notice: "The cry of the little ones," by Stephen Adams, is a setting of lines of serious interest by Mr. F. E. Weatherly. The melody is earnest and expressive, and especially suited to a singer with a sympathetic voice. It has been very effectively rendered by Madame Antoinette Sterling. "The house where I was born" is also a setting of lines by Mr. Weatherly; the composer in this case being Mr. J. L. Molloy, who has produced a pleasing melody of a flowing character that is thoroughly in accordance with the sentimental tone of the verses. "A song from my heart" is both written and composed by F. L. Moir. It is a graceful love-song, simple yet expressive in all respects. Messrs. Boosey's "Cavendish Music-Books" are among the exceptionally cheap publications of the day. Well engraved, and printed on good paper, of full music size, the price of one shilling per number is disproportioned to the value of the contents. No. 112 contains twelve songs for a tenor voice, selected from various popular composers. No. 113 of the series consists of pianoforte music—Mendelssohn's six "Christmas Pieces," and seven "Bagatelles" by Beethoven.

The "Burlington Music-Books," published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., are conspicuous among the cheap music of the day, well printed on paper of the large music size. No. 11 (the "Dance Album") will be welcome at this season, as it contains a series of lively pieces in the style of waltz, polka, quadrille, schottische, galop, and mazurka, by composers who are expert at the production of pieces of those kinds. No. 10 of the series now referred to comprises six popular songs for ladies' voices, in which there is variety to suit different tastes. From among vocal music issued by Messrs. Cocks we may specify "Children's Dreams," in which some lines, by Clifton Bingham, of a serious cast, are very gracefully set by Mr. F. H. Cowen, whose song is expressive and earnest while yet not monotonous. "Across the Still Lagune" is a serenade, the words by Clifton Bingham, the music by Henri Logé. In each respect it is pleasingly suggestive of moonlight, rippling waters, and a lover's address to his mistress. This song is also from Messrs. Cocks and Co.

From Messrs. Metzler and Co. we have a neat, handy, and cheap edition of Purcell's "Dido and Æneas," edited by that excellent musical antiquary the late Dr. E. F. Rimbault, by whom this edition was collated with several manuscript scores. The editor has added an interesting preface, in which details are given as to the production of the work, said to belong to the period of about 1677. The music is highly interesting, not only in itself, as compared with the style of its period, but also as being the earliest of its composer's stage compositions, he having been only about nineteen at the time.

From Messrs. Metzler and Co. we have likewise a new edition of Röhner's treatise on Harmony, in a handy and inexpensive form. The work, which has met with much favourable acceptance, is comprehensive in its scope, and contains many instructive details and numerous musical examples.

The *American Organ Journal* (published by Messrs. Metzler and Co.) continues to maintain its interest under the competent editorship of Mr. J. M. Coward. No. 14 contains pieces adapted from Mendelssohn, Handel, and Schubert; adaptations from the two last-named composers, and movements by Henry Smart, F. H. Cowen, and A. Cellier, being the contents of No. 15. The editor's copious directions for the changes and combinations of the various stops of the instrument are valuable aids to the performer.

Messrs. Metzler's "Christmas Album" is a popular shilling publication, containing bright dance pieces in various forms, by composers among whom are several of eminence. The "Red Album," issued by the same publishers, is another shilling publication appearing in numbers, and comprising a variety of vocal and instrumental compositions; printed in folio size. No. 10 contains eight sacred songs for soprano, including several by Mendelssohn, Handel, and Hadyn. No. 11 is devoted to the same number of sacred songs, for a tenor voice, the names of the same composers and that of Rossini appearing. No. 13 includes eight pianoforte pieces, in the modern brilliant style.

The "Selection of Songs and Vocal Duets" by Mr. A. Goring Thomas contains some very graceful pieces. No. 4 is a charming duet, "Amours Villageoises," which is pastoral in style (in false tempo), without any rustic roughness. The voices used are a soprano and a baritone, which are very pleasingly combined and contrasted. Mr. J. Williams is the publisher.

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"A PROPOSAL"—AFTER W. V. CZACHORSKI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.



be almost noisy (if one can use the expression) compared with it; at any rate, he had living nature around him, (whereas in the Arctic regions all is gloom and eternal silence, without even vegetation to enliven it. Before leaving the floe to which we had been anchored, out of curiosity I ascertained the thickness of the ice, and to my astonishment I found it averaged seventeen feet, some pieces being even as much as *twenty-five feet* in thickness, and this after several weeks of continuous thaw. It would take too long to describe the wearisome attempts we made during the next few days while trying to break through the immense barrier which lay between us and the mouth of the Yenisei River, and during all this time we experienced every variety of Arctic climate, from hot sunshine to sudden and icy cold fogs. This delay



DIRTY WEATHER IN THE KARA SEA: OUR ICE-MASTER ON THE LOOK-OUT.



THE BONE OF THE WALRUS-HUNTER.

was trying to our patience, for time was precious, as we had to get up the river, discharge cargo, and get the ship off again on her return journey to England before the winter ice set in, otherwise it meant her being fixed in the Kara Sea till the late spring of next year. At length from the masthead one evening came the long-expected and joyful intelligence that there was clear water visible ahead, and our ice-master reported having discovered what he thought looked like a passage to it. This was good news indeed, as the monotony of the last few days was beginning to pall on us, and we were none of us grieved when, after a few more hours of slow steaming, the intelligence proved correct, and

#### FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA. THE VOYAGE OF THE BISCAYA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, continues his narrative, two instalments of which have been published, accompanying the Sketches he made during his voyage on board the steamer Biscaya, in July and August, from the docks at Blackwall to the remote Siberian port of Karaoul, at the head of the estuary of the great river Yenisei, henceforth open to navigation round the North Cape and over the Arctic Ocean, through the Waygate Straits, to the south of Nova Zemla, and eastward across the Kara Sea. The expedition was sent out by an association, of which the Hon. Albert Grey was one of the promoters, and the Tyneside Geographical Society, of Newcastle, was consulted in its equipment. A lecture to that Society by Captain Wiggins led to the enterprise being suggested. The last-published portion of this narrative left the vessel, in the first week of August, blocked up among drift-ice in the Kara Sea, where the skill of Captain Crowther, the experienced ice-master on board the Biscaya, was constantly exercised in watching over her safety. We now present a further chapter of Mr. Julius Price's account of the voyage, bringing the steamer to Karaoul on Aug. 17, thirty-nine days after leaving the Thames:—

The novelty of being blocked in on all sides by fields of ice soon wears off. Even the chance of a shot at a seal now and again fails to enliven one. The silence of the surroundings is too oppressive, all seems dead, and it seems like some hideous dream to row about on these motionless waters, with the ghostly frozen monstrosities floating around. It reminded one of Doré's illustrations to Dante's "Inferno." One can realise how awful it must be to be forced to pass a winter in the far North, where continual night is added to the horrors of the deathlike surroundings. The silence of the great forest Stanley tells us of in his book must



ONE SPECK OF LIFE IN THE ICE-BOUND WASTE.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE STEAMER BISCAYA.



we at last saw a clear horizon before us. Even then a new and unexpected danger presented itself. A gale had been blowing, and, although inside the ice-floes all was calm as in a lagoon, outside a heavy sea was running, and the enormous masses of loose ice were being tossed about like corks. It was an awful sight, and one of the utmost danger to the Biscaya, as it was most difficult to steer clear of the huge heaving masses which threatened at any moment to smash into us. Fortunately, however, we managed to pass through them without the slightest injury to the ship, and we gave a hearty cheer for our skipper when we found ourselves once more out in the open sea, and the order was given, for the first time for many days, "Full speed ahead!"

Before quite leaving the ice behind, I must tell you of a rather funny practical joke our captain played on us while we were at anchor. One morning, at about three o'clock, when we were all fast asleep, we were aroused by the captain rushing into our cabin in a state of great excitement, and calling out to us that there was a bear on the ice close by. To jump out of one's bunk and make for one's rifle was the work of a moment, while the captain, who appeared to be in a frantic state of excitement at the chance of such capital sport, was rushing about looking for his ammunition. In a few seconds, and without waiting to put on coat or slippers, I was out on the deck, with nothing on but my pyjamas, in order to get the first shot if possible. I found all the crew looking over the bulwarks. It was broad daylight, a cold, raw sort of morning, with a dense fog enveloping everything a few yards ahead. About a hundred yards away, on a huge piece of ice which was slowly drifting towards us, was a large animal looming out through the mist. It was too far away to be distinctly made out, but there it was undoubtedly—a Polar bear—it would make for the water before I could get a shot, so without the slightest hesitation I commenced blazing away. It was so cold standing out in the frosty air, with scarcely anything on and coming straight from one's warm bed, that I could scarcely hold my rifle, still less distinguish the dim outline in the distance at which I fired four rounds in rapid succession, as I expected every minute the other fellows would turn up before I could hit it. All at once, the mass of ice having by this time drifted nearer, the animal turned slowly round towards us, and started a plaintive bleating. "Why, it's only a sheep!" I fairly yelled out as I now made out its form quite distinctly. Immediately there rose from all sides such shrieks of laughter as were never heard before in the Arctic regions, I imagine: the crew simply rolled about the deck in convulsions. As to the captain and the others, they nearly went into fits. To my astonishment, I then saw one of the ship's boats which had been waiting on the other side put off to fetch back the pseudo-bear—which was only one of our own sheep, after all, and which the captain, as a joke, had himself put on the ice, rightly guessing that in our half-awakened state none of us would hit it. The others, however, did not turn out quickly enough, so I was the sole beneficiary of what was one of the funniest practical jokes I ever heard of, and I laughed as heartily as any of them when I "twigged" it all. It was no use going back to bed again directly, so, to show I could appreciate a good bit of fun, and to keep out the cold, we opened a bottle of whisky, and spent a pleasant hour, while laughing again and again at the description of how I looked, rushing out on deck in my pyjamas, half asleep, and firing wildly over the side of the ship. The sheep (which had been condemned for mutton), in recognition of its valour while under fire, is to be reserved as our very last victim for the flesh-pot.

We were once more fairly on our way towards the Yenisei, and, although we sighted a great deal more ice, we encountered none which formed any serious obstacle: we evidently had passed the worst. On Aug. 11 we got as far north as it was necessary for us to go (our position being at the time 75 deg. north), and probably very few of us will ever get so near the North Pole again. It was a real Arctic day, as I take it, wretchedly cold, with heavy rain and a dense fog, so there was nothing for it but to remain in the cabin all day. In the afternoon we crossed the estuary of the river Ob, and—curious phenomenon—passed through fresh water for some hours. We got some on deck, and found it drinkable though brackish. It was now only a question of making up for lost time, as it had been arranged that the river steamer the Phoenix should come down from Yeniseisk and meet us at the mouth of the river about Aug. 12, which would give us ample time to get out from England, allowing for delays. We reached our place of rendezvous on the 13th—wonderful time, all things considered—and brought up opposite the little station of Golchika, without seeing anything of the ship which ought to have been waiting for us. The river here was about ten miles wide, and the coast on either side was as bare and desolate as what we had seen when passing through the Waygatch Straits. It was profanely though graphically described by one of our party, who remarked that it looked as if it were "the last place God had made, and He had forgotten to finish it!"

In reply to our gun, which we fired as a signal, a boatful of men put off from the land, and soon reached the ship, and then we had before us our first visitors from the kingdom of the White Czar. There were six of them—two Russians, and the rest Samoyede natives. Good specimens of the Mongolian race, they were dressed in what looked like undressed sheepskin of great age, judging from its colour, the fur being worn inside next their bodies. The two Russians were dressed in the usual peasant costume of the country. We could none of us make ourselves understood, although I got out my guide-book and vainly tried to pronounce some jaw-dislocating words; so we stood grinning at each other for several minutes, till someone thought of offering them a cigarette. This time no interpreter was necessary. What we wanted to find out from them was whether they had seen anything of the Phoenix, but could not make them understand; in fact, our difficulty now was to get rid of them—to let them know we were pleased to have had the pleasure of meeting them—but "enough was as good as a feast." As they did not understand a hint, we simply pointed down to their boat, waving our hands to them as a sign for them to depart: this they acted on, but not before they had insisted on shaking hands with us all round—rather a trying ordeal. After their departure, it was decided to anchor in mid-stream and wait a few hours for the Phoenix before we attempted reaching the next station without a pilot.

In the meantime, the steam-launch we had on board was got out and put in readiness. The following day, there still being no signs of the Phoenix, it was decided to attempt to reach the next station, Karaoul, a distance of about 160 miles, without her, as it was thought she might have met with an accident on her way down with so many lighters in tow: so, with the launch a few hundred yards ahead taking soundings, the Biscaya left Golchika, and started up the river in the hope of seeing the missing ship. We made slow but sure progress, considering we had no pilot and how imperfect our only chart was, and it certainly was a bit of luck that we got on so well as we did, as the river is full of sandbanks. No incident worthy of note occurred: it was blowing a nasty head wind all the time, so those in the launch had a rough and wet time of it, as the river averaged three miles wide the whole way, and there was no shelter whatever; yet they stuck to

their work manfully, although they were nearly swamped several times by the heavy seas. Towards evening the next day we came in sight of a solitary log-cabin on the dreary shore, with a dilapidated sort of warehouse next to it: close to the water's edge stood a Samoyede tent with a lot of Esquimaux dogs lying round it; all about were empty casks and other miscellaneous rubbish. Not a human being was in sight. We had safely accomplished the risky voyage from Golchika without a pilot; for this wretched little station off which we dropped anchor, with all our colours flying, was Karaoul, the goal of the Biscaya's voyage.—JULIUS M. PRICE.

(To be continued.)

## ILLUSTRATED AND CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*The Song of Hiawatha.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations from Designs by Frederic Remington. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.)—Not all the elegantly adorned volumes of choice poetry or imaginative fiction, and of descriptive history or topography, or critical dissertations on the masters and schools of Fine Art, published at this season of the year, treat precisely of Christmas themes. But it is the time for gift-books, and none are more acceptable than illustrated editions of favourite poems, accompanied by good engravings, photographs, or photogravures, in which the ideal figures or groups of the story, and its local scenery, are set before the reader's eye. The present troubles and alarms in Dakota, caused by the disturbed attitude of some North American Indian tribes, are scarcely calculated to foster a romantic sympathy with the degenerate remnant of that wild race of mankind; nor was their appearance under the direction of "Buffalo Bill," at the exhibition in London a few years ago, sufficiently ornamental and imposing to win our admiration. But in their original condition, investigated by some learned ethnologists half a century ago, and in their traditional legends and customs, as in those of many hunting or pastoral races, there was much to interest the fancy. The genius of Fenimore Cooper as a novelist, and the authentic reports of Catlin and other travellers in the Western prairies, secured popularity for subjects of this kind; and in 1855 the skill of an accomplished poetical artist, Professor Longfellow, who had never personally visited the abodes of tribes still existing in primitive wildness, produced the charming tale of "Hiawatha." He had, indeed, enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with the Ojibway or Chippewa chief Kah-ge-gah-bowh, who also came to England; but it was from the store of Indian legendary traditions collected by Schoolcraft, which Longfellow carefully studied, that he chiefly obtained materials for this poem. Its scene is laid along the southern shore of Lake Superior, now in the State of Wisconsin; and the period of its action must be early in the eighteenth century. The peculiar form of versification, with its lively trochaic lilt of unrhymed eight-syllable lines, is borrowed from the Finnish epic poem called "Kalevala," and has proved acceptable to English ears. It is unnecessary to commend the literary merits of an author and a work so widely known. Mr. Remington's drawings, both the full-page designs of original conception and the marginal sketches, portraits of Indians, weapons, articles of dress, utensils, and ornaments, form a good pictorial commentary on the text.

*The Christmas Carol.* By Charles Dickens. A Facsimile Reproduction of the Author's Original MS. (Elliot Stock.)—It was in the winter of 1843 that Dickens, between his writing of the monthly instalments of "Martin Chuzzlewit," when at his very best force, produced what in our judgment is the happiest effusion of his characteristic vein of mingled humour and pathetic tenderness, which proved, as he said in a private letter, "the greatest success that this ruffian and rascal has ever delivered." A copy of the first printed edition is now worth £5, though a cheap edition has been sold at one penny; but those who care for the author as a man, if they believe in handwriting as an indication of character, may now possess an exact imitation of the whole manuscript, sixty-eight quarto pages including the title and brief preface, at a moderate price. It abounds in erasures and interlineations, which are, to the practised literary scholar, interesting evidence of the working of the author's mind. Mr. F. G. Kitton supplies an introductory account of the manner in which the "Christmas Carol" was written and published, and how the manuscript has been preserved.

*Sketches of England by a Foreign Artist and a Foreign Author.* (Offices of The Art Journal.)—The combined talents of M. Meyrbach, whose drawings furnish eight coloured plates and some fifty smaller wood-engravings, and of M. P. Villars, an observant Parisian journalist, have filled this pleasant table-book with English scenes and groups of English and Welsh folk, generally true and lifelike. These are found at Dover, Ramsgate and Margate, Canterbury, Rochester and Chatham; in London, at Oxford, York; Liverpool, and Chester, at Llangollen, at Llanberis, around Snowdon, and at Carnarvon, places which we are not ashamed to show to our French visitors; and we are not offended by the slightly satirical remarks of M. Paul Villars on some peculiarities of our people.

*The Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales; Descriptive, Historical, Poetical.* Second Series. (Cassell and Co.)—This volume of an attractive and useful work, edited by Professor Bonney, maintains its promise of supplying good architectural views, with exact, authentic, concise accounts, by special writers, of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices belonging to our country. Among those here presented are St. George's Chapel at Windsor, the chapels in the Tower of London, St. Clement Danes, and the University Churches of St. Mary at Oxford and Cambridge; but there is a wide range of provincial sacred buildings, the Minster of Beverley, Evesham Abbey, Selby Abbey, All Saints' Church, Derby, St. Botolph's at Boston, Leeds, Halifax, and Bradford, and many other noble parish churches of towns and villages, being well illustrated and described. Much good old English social and religious history is commemorated in these chapters, adorned with good drawings by many competent artists.

*The Cabinet Portrait Gallery:* Reproduced from Original Photographs by W. and D. Downey. First Series. (Cassell and Co.)—The artistic value and fidelity of these portraits can require no better guarantee than the photographers' name. Each subject has two or three pages of biographical memoir. They muster between thirty and forty in this volume, beginning with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and including the Prince of Wales, his other daughters, and Prince George. Eminent men of science, authors, artists, actresses, musicians, clergymen and schoolmasters, with ladies of rank and ladies of talent, including Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Humphry Ward, appear in the notable collection.

*Songs of a Savoyard.* By W. S. Gilbert, illustrated by the Author. (G. Routledge and Sons.)—Dedicated to Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose charming music has been allied to so many productions of Mr. Gilbert's sportive lyric muse, this collection

of above sixty brisk and playful songs, from the burlesque opera plays of the Savoy Theatre, will remind thousands among their past audiences of enjoyment that was perfect at the time, and that memory delights to recall in any vacant hour. Mr. Gilbert is an expert comic versifier, a lively wit and humourist—not quite equal to the elder Tom Hood or the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends"—a prince of "patter"; and, in the droll head-pieces and tail-pieces attached to these songs, he comes out, also, with fair proof of talent, as an amateur comic artist. Some of his drawings remind us of figures and groups on the Savoy stage.

*A Southern Cross.* Fairy Tale. By Kate M. Clark. With Illustrations by R. Atkinson and the Author. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Although it is an ancient discovery of European astronomers that the constellation named "the Southern Cross" is visible only to observers in latitudes beyond the Equator, no other colonists in the Australasian region have yet been so forward as those of New Zealand to adopt this natural privilege for a proverbial token of their peculiar situation on the globe. New Zealand, almost at the antipodes to the British Islands, does certainly far excel every other country in the southern hemisphere in picturesque variety of scenery, and in the romantic traditions of its rapidly diminishing native race; while the vigorous growth of English colonial society, if secondary to the Australian in commercial and political importance, promises a distinctly characteristic development of modern life. We therefore look with much interest on the recent productions of New Zealand literary authorship, such as Miss Jessie Weston's interesting romance, "Ko Méri," which was lately reviewed; and we commend this charming Christmas story, by another Auckland lady, relating the strange adventures of two children, Hal and Cis, dreaming that they wandered in the fern-glades and the forest, where good Santa Claus became their guide to a Fairyland not less wondrous than those hitherto opened to the children of Germany and of Britain. Much of New Zealand natural history, botany, and ornithology may be learned from this tale, and the illustrations are finely drawn.

*Over the Sea: Stories of Two Worlds.* Edited by A. Patchett Martin. (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh.)—England and Australia have joined hands, by the work of clever and pleasant contributors on each side, in producing eight or nine tales, entirely new and original, which have nothing of the supernatural element, but which exemplify the duties and affections of family life. Mrs. Campbell Praed and "Tasma," well known as Australian novelists, with Mrs. Patchett Martin, Lady Delawarr, Mr. Hume Nisbet, and Mr. F. Weatherly, are the chief literary writers. The coloured plates are designed by Mr. H. H. Johnstone, Mr. R. M. Carrick, and Mr. T. M. Hughes; while Miss Marcella Walker and Miss Emily Harding furnish the vignette engravings.

*Sketches of Indian Life.* By W. Lloyd. (Chapman and Hall.)—Amusing groups of various classes of the mingled town population in Bombay, with the odd experiences of our own countrymen newly arrived in the Anglo-Asiatic world, their domestic habits and their sporting adventures, some types of the Bengal peasantry, scenes of military life at cantonments, female water-carriers braving alligators on the Ganges, scenes at Cawnpore and Lucknow, and a mountain view on the Sind frontier, are cleverly depicted in these somewhat overcoloured plates.

*Allerlei, aus Albert Henschel's Skizzenmappen.* (M. Henschel, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.)—These pencil sketches by a German artist, reproduced in photographic process by Martin Rommel and Co., of Stuttgart, are sometimes pretty, more frequently droll and humorous, pleasantly showing the popular features of Bavarian and other South German life.

Mr. R. S. Wright has been appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice, in the room of the late Mr. Baron Huddleston.

On and after the first week in January the *Publishers' Circular* will appear weekly instead of fortnightly, having been published twice a month for fifty-three years.

At the five days' bazaar, held in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, under the patronage of the Queen, for the relief of indigent and aged Scottish Freemasons, the total amount realised, including £1250 sent from the Aberdeen district, amounted to £15,433.

The inventive genius brought to bear in the production of toys each year surprises everybody. The collection from the various toy centres in Messrs. Parkins and Gatto's Galleries is certainly worthy of a visit: we find there musical toys, mechanical toys, scientific toys, and instructive toys, to suit all tastes.

Speaking at the presentation of prizes to the students of the Female Training College at Durham, the Bishop of Durham said they had seen within the last few years the whole centre of gravity of political power completely changed. There was not the least doubt that the next generation would see the masses the rulers of England. Therefore, he believed the future of England depended more on the teachers of elementary schools than on the clergy and religious teachers, for it was the former who came in contact with the men and women of the future.

In his financial statement at the meeting of the London School Board, on Dec. 11, Sir Richard Temple said that for the half-year ending next March the revised estimate of expenditure amounted to £923,800, and for the half-year from March to September 1891 to £958,000. It seemed probable that the taxation of next year would be at a rate of at least 11d. in the pound, being equivalent to an increase of about 3d. in the pound. A sum of £7,000,000 was still outstanding on the loan account. The discussion on the proposed precept for £726,696 was adjourned.

At a meeting of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, held, on Dec. 12, in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, Captain A. C. Yate, of the Bombay Staff Corps, read a paper on "A Journey to Tashkend." General Sir Robert M. Smith occupied the chair. Captain Yate, in the course of his remarks, said there was no longer much romance about travel in Transcaspia and Turkestan. When Vambéry, in 1863, made the tour of Khiva, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Herat in the garb of a dervish, and when O'Donovan penetrated, in 1881, among the Tekkes of Merv, there were romance and risk in that. Nowadays it was a simpler undertaking to visit the tomb of Tamerlane at Samarcand and the scene of the tragic fate of Stoddart and Connolly at Bokhara than it was less than a century ago to post from York to London. Captain Yate gave a graphic description of the exhibition at Tashkend, which he found more attractive than that of Paris. He also spoke very hopefully of the cotton manufactures and wine-growing in the district. What are chiefly needed for the development of the province are railway extension and irrigation. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Captain Yate at the close of his lecture.



## THE LIFE OF LORD HOUGHTON.

The biography of an estimable and agreeable man, who held a distinguished place in the upper ranks of English society during half a century, and whose broad sympathies and varied acquaintance with some of its happier movements allowed the promise of hopeful views, is likely to be an acceptable book. Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, author of the *Life of the late Mr. W. E. Forster*, has performed his task with equal skill and success in "The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton," published in two volumes by Messrs. Cassell and Co. He is an able political writer and journalist, but he has judiciously discerned the propriety or expediency, in this work, of keeping politics, so far as Lord Houghton was concerned in them, quite subordinate to the personal, the social, and the literary interests of his career. In fact, Lord Houghton, though he sat in the House of Commons from 1837 to 1863, and in the House of Lords until 1885, was never a strong politician. His talents were not precisely of the kind to be effective in parliamentary debate, though a certain ambition to excel in that way had been sedulously implanted by his father, Mr. Robert Pemberton Milnes, who had in 1807 won high applause by a single brilliant speech, and had subsequently refused an offered seat in the Cabinet. Richard Monckton Milnes was, however, disqualified, rather by some amiable virtues of his character than by any lack of good political faculty, in the competition for political influence and official appointment. He was incorrigibly frank, he was fatally candid, he could never be "a good hater," which are faults that naturally forbid a man to gain power in the game of party rivalry. Neither Sir Robert Peel, whom he followed as a Liberal Conservative, nor Lord Palmerston, who liked him but would not promote him as a Conservative Liberal, thought Monckton Milnes exactly the man to be a suitable tool of Ministerial policy, while his own temperament was averse, in all cases, to the attitude of partisan Opposition. If there was any post in the public service for which he had a special aptitude, we should think it was in foreign diplomacy. As an Envoy or Ambassador, his intimate knowledge of French and other European affairs, his friendship with several eminent foreign statesmen, and his goodwill towards the Italian and German nationalities, with his appreciation of the necessity of maintaining the Turkish Empire, would have been useful at times between 1853 and 1861. He would not, indeed, have erred by an excess of enthusiasm, which is what the Foreign Office usually dreads; but as a "persona grata" at some Continental capital—not at Paris, for he openly disapproved of the Emperor Napoleon III.—we could imagine him serving English policy remarkably well. The office that he would have liked was the Under-Secretaryship of that department; but he had not been trained with red tape. In the end, Lord Houghton's long Parliamentary career produced nothing but his leadership in one or two non-political measures, the establishment of Reformatories for Juvenile Delinquents, and the enactment of Literary Copyright, besides occasional criticisms of foreign policy, which did credit to his good sense, as well as to his benevolence and love of justice. He was always in favour of peace; especially the French nation, and the United States of America, had no warmer English friend. These are considerable political merits, of the heart if not of the head; but Lord Houghton's reputation is not that of a statesman.

Nor can it be readily admitted that his literary performances, though of elegantly finished execution, and the fruits of a genial, thoughtful, highly cultivated mind, have earned him abiding fame as an author. He wrote a good deal of melodious and tenderly expressive verse, without the genius of a creative poet, but in a vein of imaginative sentiment which in him was perfectly sincere, underlying his convivial delight in the intellectual play of paradox and sceptical jesting. He wrote much graceful prose, dealing with themes of literary biography, essays in criticism, and estimates of personal contemporaries, with sound judgment and good taste, but not with profound insight either into the sources of true poetry, or into the moral springs of action or the effects of human conduct. Mediocrity is a word not to be applied to any of Lord Houghton's works, for they never failed to exhibit merits of tone and style; but they do not give the impression of great mental power. Of his poems, the one called "The Flight of Youth," which Mr. Wemyss Reid has reproduced entire in the concluding chapter of these volumes, seems to us more beautiful in the depth of moral emotion it reaches, and in the purity of its ideal conception, than in structure or diction, or in distinct presentment of the vision. As a scholar and critic of poetic literature, Lord Houghton was ever cordially sympathetic; he loved poets most fondly; he cherished a lifelong affection for Keats, of whom he wrote the standard "Life"; a frank admiration of Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Hood, and Swinburne, much encouraging the last of these in his early efforts; and he showed great kindness to poor young David Gray. Yet his approval, though justified in these instances by public opinion, does not suggest any deep or wide study of classical compositions, or of the grounds of poetic harmonies of thought and language. He was a man of letters, not a learned man, but certainly a man of taste and feeling. After such writers as Coleridge, Hazlitt, and De Quincey, he could not be reputed great as a literary critic: it was the generous spirit and friendly manner of his work in that line which set a good example to many harsh and flippant depreciators of modern poetry.

The gifts for which Lord Houghton deserves to be gratefully remembered were mainly those of his engaging personality, his ardent sociability, his affability—from real benevolence, not mere easy good-nature, and his ready compassionate kindness. These are qualities far better than any political or literary triumphs; and Mr. Wemyss Reid has collected, in ample sufficiency, the proofs of genuine goodness of heart, constancy in friendship, and willing active charity, in Lord Houghton's life. It was not, indeed, altogether a life of self-denial, for his own tastes were abundantly gratified. They were tolerably innocent; as a bachelor, living at his chambers in Pall-mall, during his father's lifetime, his pleasure was to give breakfasts and dinners, like Rogers, to literary and other notable persons, making them pleasantly acquainted with each other. In those days, apparently, his associations were somewhat "Bohemian," at any rate mixed and often eccentric; and from his previous residence in Italy, and his tour in the East, he had contracted foreign tastes and manners strange to London circles of fashion. These peculiarities, of course, did not exclude him from Lady Blessington's assemblies, where Bulwer and Disraeli showed more elaborate foppery; and Milnes soon corrected his youthful extravagances of speech and demeanour, entering Parliament as a comrade of the Young England Neotories, whom he quitted to become a disciple of Peel. The borough of Pontefract, being in the pocket of his father, the owner of Fryston and other Yorkshire and Derbyshire estates, afforded Milnes a safe seat for twenty-five years, till he accepted a Peerage which his father, a discontented recluse, had capriciously declined. Having married, in 1851, a daughter of Lord Creve, and taken a house in Upper Brook-

street, he lived in town as much as possible, using Fryston Hall only as a house to entertain parties of guests in the autumn, for he was never addicted to the sports of the country gentry. Society and literature were the pursuits of his life, with private correspondence and visiting, public dinners and commemoration speeches, now and then a foreign tour; he attended the opening of the Suez Canal, enjoyed a most friendly reception in the United States, and appeared on Lancashire and Yorkshire platforms, in 1880 or 1881, as a champion of the Liberal Ministry of Mr. Gladstone. These varied experiences are related in many of his own letters; some to his wife and others of his family, when not with them; some to his old friend Sir Charles McCarthy, a Colonial Governor; but there are letters written to Mr. Monckton Milnes, or to Lord Houghton, by several persons distinguished in literature and politics; by Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, Landor, Gladstone, Cardinal Wiseman, Bunsen, Guizot, De Tocqueville, Aubrey De Vere, Bishop Thirlwall, Emerson, Longfellow, and the late Queen of Holland. Carlyle's are most characteristic, and he was evidently fond of "our good Richard," his own gruffness and censoriousness being agreeably tolerated by the playful gentleness of Milnes. To the reader, indeed, Carlyle's rude temper may seem less tolerable in contrast with the benevolent and hopeful disposition of Lord Houghton, who in public utterances as well as private society merited the remark once made of him: "When Milnes comes into the room, all the company feel in a better humour with one another." He was not a man of power, but of mild, wholesome, and agreeable influences; a man of "Sweetness and Light." We need such a presence of personal Sunshine amid factious intrigues and sectarian strife.

## STATUE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

The Queen had intended to perform, on Monday, Dec. 15, in private, with the other members of the Royal family, the act of unveiling the statue of the late Emperor Frederick of



STATUE OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

BY THE LATE SIR EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.

Germany, her son-in-law, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. This act has been deferred in consequence of the death of Sir Edgar Boehm, who was to have attended the ceremony. The statue was one of that eminent sculptor's most recent works, and is a faithful likeness of the beloved and lamented Emperor, whose memory is dear to England as well as to Germany. Our illustration of this fine work of art may also derive an additional sad interest from the sudden death of the sculptor. It is from a photograph taken by Messrs. Robinson and Sons, of 172, Regent-street, by the late Sir Edgar Boehm's special permission, expressly for this Journal.

The annual meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture was held on Dec. 10, under the Presidency of Sir E. Birkbeck. The report stated that the Council now represented fifty-four chambers and clubs; but a considerable improvement in its financial position was greatly needed. A motion approving of the Tithe Rent-charge Bill was carried by a large majority.—Earl Cathcart, presiding at the half-yearly meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, commented favourably on the report, which gave the total membership as 10,924, of whom nearly 4000 were life members, and which stated that Prince Christian had become a vice-president. In his speech he admitted that there had been a financial deficit in connection with the Plymouth Show, but anticipated a success at Doncaster. The report was adopted, and some discussion ensued with regard to railway rates.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is pleasant news that Queen Emma of the Netherlands has courageously made a departure from custom in the mourning attire of her little daughter: the young Queen's dress for the usual period of mourning is to be white. It is such a melancholy sight to see a little child all swathed in black! Nobody dresses children in that colour in the course of ordinary life. The dull, heavy hue is so unsuited to their size, and so opposed to that bright and gay aspect that is proper to their time of life, that no mother would willingly see her child clad in black. Moreover, distinctive and disfiguring so-called "mourning" garb, always an incubus and an absurdity, is never more so than in the case of a child. If it be not worn as an empty and ugly ceremony, it can effect no other object than to fix the little mind on those grim thoughts and on that sense of loss that we would surely prefer to keep far away.

I would not wish that my little girls should be put into mourning if I were taken from them, except, perhaps, as a concession to a general prejudice, for a very short time. I should dread that the daily sight of the mourning clothing would either dull too much or too much renew their sense of sorrowful loss; and I would on no account have them thus artificially encouraged or caused to grieve. I who, alive, would hasten to soothe their every woe, who would give myself any task to keep their hearts light and their eyes beaming always, if so it might be possible for me to do—how should it be that I, dead, could wish to have needlessly borne in and pressed upon their dear hearts the pangs of hopeless yearning, or to have them caused to live more than they needs must do in the constant shadow of a loss. Would not every mother feel thus?

White mourning is not, by the way, a novelty. It was the French widow's mourning colour under the old régime. Mary Queen of Scots, as widow of the Dauphin at eighteen years old, wore white weeds, and was distinguished for some time as "La Reine blanche." But the white widow's dress was very unbecomingly made, including a close-fitting coil which absolutely hid the hair, as do some nuns' caps. Moreover, the fashion then was for the aristocratic widow to remain for the first three months after her loss absolutely secluded in a room from which all natural light was shut out, and in which the candles shone on walls and furniture hung in black. Really, there seems to have been always a tendency to make the widow's sad lot as hard as possible. Suttie is worse than a widow's dress, certainly, but both are based on the same plan. I wonder when some more tolerable garb will become fashionable in modern society than that in which to-day a poor woman bereaved of her nearest and dearest, the stay of her life, is compelled to disguise herself.

Speaking of the Queens of Holland reminds me that the late King's first wife—from whom he lived apart for many years—was an enthusiast for the scent of musk. It seems impossible for people to love musk wisely and not too well. The late Queen of Holland perfumed herself so strongly with it that rooms through which she passed once were perceptibly scented for days after. The late Lady Lytton, the terrible Rosina, who was the thorn in the flesh of that otherwise wonderfully prosperous and successful man, Edward Bulwer Lytton, had an equally exaggerated liking for the same scent. I once had occasion to read some of her correspondence, extraordinary in its language, written in a very scrawling calligraphy on bright pink paper, and so highly scented with musk that I could scarcely endure it while perusing the letters, though they were then ten years old. It has happened to most people to sit near or to know individuals similarly overscented with this odour. Surely there must be some lack of sensibility in the nostrils of all who so abuse the olfactory nerves of their neighbours. A person who is fond of musk should make a point of inquiring if its scent clings about her to excess.

A walk just at this date down Regent-street, along Piccadilly, and back to Oxford-circus by way of Bond-street, will show the observing eye such a free display of all that eye or taste can desire as cannot, I believe, be witnessed anywhere else in the world in so small a square area. Jewellery, furniture, dress, food, and pretty trifles of every description succeed each other, generously displayed, in a long line of shop frontage. No Continental great city thus spreads out, to be seen gratis by the casual passer-by, all the treasures that it offers to the full purse. In Paris, for instance, there is plenty of jewellery to be seen in the shop windows, but little of anything else. Dress novelties, in particular, are rigidly hidden behind the blinds, for fear lest they should be copied by rivals. At most one or two garments are displayed, and an evil eye glances through the curtains at any passenger who stops and scrutinises even those articles too closely.

I heard a good true story once from an English "buyer." Being in Paris, he noticed a singularly new and stylish garment standing in the window of a certain couturière's shop. He stopped and studied it carefully, though aware that he was jealously regarded from within. A few hours later, passing by again, he paused to revive his recollections of the charming design. In an instant, the shop door flew open, and Madame, yellow with anger, appeared on the pavement, carrying a chair. "Will not Monsieur give himself the trouble to take a seat till he has finished stealing my ideas?" she demanded, with a fierceness that put Monsieur to flight.

In London, indeed, the newest and the handsomest things must be seen within, but it is also recognised as important that the window should be interesting and attractive. Liberty's window, for instance, is always a charming sight. Everybody knows how delicate and yet how definite are the tints that have come to be called after Mr. Liberty's familiar name. On a dull day the windows of that shop in Regent-street will be a feast of colour—perhaps it will be all terra-cotta, or all deep yellow, defying even a grey London fog. Or, if there be a clear sky, the window will outvie it with dainty blues, or contrast it with varied shades of green or pink.

Inside the shop, however, there is a yet more varied and delightful display, especially just at this season; for the Christmas and New-Year gift show is now on, and countless original and pretty things surround the visitor. It is really astonishing how many quaint and useful objects are made of bamboo alone, or bamboo with matting, or with gold-leather paper, or looking-glass. Overmantels, cabinets, writing-tables, seats, flower-stands, and innumerable other articles come under this head. Then there are bronzes from the East, and lamps that shed mysterious lights; and endless varieties of little things made in silk, crape, or cotton. There are cushions, tea-cosies, chair-backs, and bags, in "Liberty"-printed silks, plain silks, or cottons. Among the novelties is a cushion, covered in rows upon rows of soft frills of pale-yellow silk gauze going round and round, so as to produce a resemblance to a yellow rose. It hangs on the back of a chair, and makes a soft resting-place, while its colour is most artistic. Another nice cushion is oval in shape, trimmed round with full frills, and hangs on the chair by means of silken cords, so that it comes about the centre of the back. The variety of ways in which tea-cosies can be shaped and trimmed requires to be seen to be believed. The "Liberty" fabrics lend themselves to countless similar pretty uses, while there is an equal variety of more expensive and artistic articles.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.





"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT: A REST BY THE WAY."—AFTER H. PRELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANSTAENGL, MUNICH.





"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—BY MURILLO.  
IN THE MUSEUM OF THE PRADO AT MADRID.



## "THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

The subject of this picture, of which the original is in the Prado at Madrid, was one which had especial attractions for Murillo. He had from his earliest days been a student of children. He began with street Arabs and gutter children of Madrid, and ended with Infants of the Escorial. But the happy poverty of his native Andalusia supplied him with his best types, and this ideal of Christ as a child tending flocks on the hills round Nazareth came back to him over and over again. We see this adaptation of the scenes of daily life to religious pictures in the "St. John and the Lamb" in our own National Gallery, and many kindred works, but he has seldom reached a higher rendering of Him who was all tenderness and innocence than in the head which we reproduce this week. There are two replicas of this picture in private galleries in this country, but the original, known as "El niño Dios, past," originally belonged to Doña Isabel Farnese, and formed part of the famous gallery of the Palace of San Ildefonso. Murillo's place in art is not easily defined, for Spanish art lies outside the great movement of the fifteenth century, which so powerfully affected Flanders and Italy. At a period when the reaction was setting in those two countries, and the decadence seemed fast approaching, Spain produced in Velasquez one of the greatest painters which Europe had ever seen; and Murillo, although unable to sustain on the same level the art of painting, had felt the influence of his brother painter and fellow-countryman, and turned to good uses the revived interest in the fine arts which the nobility and great ecclesiastics of Spain were beginning to show. To those who would follow the history of Spanish art Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's is the most attractive guide. His "Annals of the Artists in Spain," originally published in 1855, had become so rare that its price placed it out of the reach of any but the most lavish book-buyers. A new edition has just appeared (John O. Nimmo, King William-street, Strand), in which all the charms of the original edition have been preserved, and some additions and emendations—the fruit of the author's later researches—are now given to the public for the first time. The four volumes are published in an attractive form, and the edition is limited to a thousand copies, few, if any, of which will probably remain after the approaching gift-giving season; for it would be difficult to find a more attractive and, at the same time, more valuable present.

The committee of the Bishop of London's Fund have received £1000 from Lady Howard de Walden.

Major H. Dyke Marsh, formerly of the 82nd Regiment, who served both in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, has been installed a Military Knight of Windsor, at St. George's Chapel, in the place of Major Dickens, promoted to the Royal Foundation.

Mr. Henry Sutton, of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Junior Common Law Counsel to the Treasury, in succession to Mr. Wright, who has just been elevated to the Bench; and Mr. John Rose, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Hanley, in succession to the late Mr. J. B. Brindley.

The Cambridge Local examinations commenced, on Dec. 15, at 165 centres for boys and 150 for girls. The total number of candidates is 9327, of whom 5523 are boys and 3804 girls. In December 1889 the total number was 8994. A supplementary higher local examination is held, at the same time, in the mathematical and language groups, for which 195 candidates are entered, of whom nine are men. For the examination for commercial certificates, also held at the same time, twenty-nine candidates are entered, of whom three are girls.

The Melbourne *Argus* has published "Tables of the Australasian Mails for 1891," in the form of a small book suitable for pocket, consisting of twenty-four pages. It contains complete official British and foreign mail services to and from Australia and New Zealand, rates of passage, postage, cable charges, with a lithographed chart of the world, showing cable systems, calendar, &c. Copies may be obtained gratis at the London offices of the *Argus*, 80, Fleet-street, or by enclosing a penny stamp to cover postage.

Among charitable institutions, the London and South-Western Railway Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Society appears to be a model of administration. Mr. Charles Scotter, the General Manager of the line, announced at a banquet given at Freemasons' Tavern that the funds amount to £14,500—which, invested in the company's stock, are worth, with dividends, £18,000; that £1295 had been collected in boxes at the stations, and £3460 realised by fêtes and concerts—and all this accomplished at a cost of £43 a year. Colonel the Hon. H. Walter Campbell, who presided, acknowledged subscriptions amounting to £400.

The Earl of Cadogan, President of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, Fulham-road, recommends to the notice of the benevolent public the Claims of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, of which the Princess of Wales is the patron. The hospital has accommodation for sixty in-patients, and there is an extensive out-patient department attached. A convalescent home in connection with the work is in course of completion at St. Leonards-on-Sea. The institution being entirely supported by voluntary contributions, annual subscriptions are specially valued. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Henry E. Wright, the Honorary Treasurer, at the hospital in the Fulham-road.

The tenth annual exhibition by the St. Bernard Club has been held in the Concert-hall at Olympia. Messrs. Norris, Elye, and L. Oppenheim undertook the arduous duty of judging, and as there were thirty classes and 230 entries, the task was no easy one. The St. Bernard Club 100-guinea challenge cup and piece of plate for the best dog in the show was awarded to Sir Bedivere, Mr. T. H. Green's magnificent dog, who is well known to all St. Bernard admirers; while Sans Peur, the property of Mr. Joseph F. Smith, was awarded the 100-guinea challenge cup for the best bitch in the show—this being the third year in succession that she has gained this distinction. She was bred in Switzerland, and is the mother of Keeper, who took two special prizes at this show, and won the 100-guinea challenge cup at the Agricultural Hall in 1890.

Mr. W. Howarth, of 52, Cornhill, E.C., chairman of the Robin Society, the offices of which are at 390, New Cross-road, writes as follows: "On Christmas morning we hope to give a breakfast to 7000 poor hungry children, and to do this we need much help. Will your readers do anything for us? Cheques, postal orders, or stamps will be most thankfully received and acknowledged if sent to me. These Christmas Day breakfasts were started by us in 1883, when we invited 700. Year by year, thanks to the help of kind friends, we have been able to increase our numbers, until last year we reached the total of 5600. In the course of last summer we sent sixty-five poor sickly children into the country, each for a fortnight. Our work is only limited by our funds. We are anxious to invite 7000 to breakfast this Christmas Day, and we want to be able to send 150 or 200 away next summer. Who will help us?"

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S.

It is an original idea, for which we should be duly grateful, to bring together the works of the artists of any particular school, or of any group of painters working with a common aim. The "Newlyn School" has of late years attracted considerable notice, and at various exhibitions we have had opportunities of comparing the works of individual members. This, however, is the first time in London that the whole body of artists who reside or paint at Newlyn, St. Ives, Falmouth, and other spots along the Cornish coast have been brought together; and it is probable that Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries (160, New Bond-street) will for some time attract a considerable crowd of curious and interested visitors.

We are forced to begin by saying that the artists of the Newlyn School, to judge from the prices affixed to their works, have no mean opinion of the value of their labour; but, with the exception of the leaders of the movement, few will, we think, find English purchasers at the sums marked. Of course, such artists as Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. F. Bramley, Mrs. Marianne Stokes, Mr. Walter Langley, and one or two others, have already established themselves in public favour; but with the majority of those who exhibit on this occasion this is not the case. The most noteworthy, though not in all cases the most successful, works in the gallery are those in which the influence of Mr. Stanhope Forbes is most directly obvious; and this is (happily) the case with Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, both of whose pictures, "The Witch" (91) and "Victors and Vanquished" (86), two delightfully "horrid" children who have caught a mouse in a trap, show very decided mastery—the former over outdoor woodland painting, the latter over figure-drawing and strong but simple colour. Of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's own work, "The Convent" (100) is furthest away from his ordinary style, and perhaps the most attractive, for it renders with real poetic feeling an old Breton or Norman convent, with its white-washed walls and grey gables half hidden among the high poplars. There is, too, almost a French tone about the pale-green grass through which the tranquil stream flows, while the two little urchins out for a day's fishing are in the artist's happiest English style. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is also represented by a single figure of a "Boy with Trumpet" (15) and a "Girl's Head" (105), both painted with great firmness and strength. Mr. F. Bramley's "Domino" (39) represents two sisters playing that fascinating game for young and old in a humble whitewashed room, surrounded, as usual in the Newlyn school, with much additional white drapery or napery. Of both we have had enough and to spare in such pictures as Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "Déjeuner at Boulogne" (19), Mr. Edward Simmons's "The Shadow" (27), Mr. John Da Costa's "Beg! Sir" (35), and many others. Mrs. Marianne Stokes, however, carries *le culte du blanc* to its furthest extreme in her picture "Edelweiss" (70), a young girl in a white veil and dress, holding in her lap a mass of the white Alpine flowers. It is a sweet face, excellently drawn, and the difficult gradations of colour and tone are met with boldness and treated with skill. Among the other pictures which call for notice may be mentioned the spirited little sketches by Mr. Frank Richards (21-23) and a larger water-colour drawing of a "Cornish Courtyard" (77); Mr. Edward Simmons's "The Shadow" (27), a single girl, reproducing the well-known motive of Wilkie's picture; Mr. Wyly Grier's very ladylike "Fuel Gatherer" (361). Mr. R. Carter's "Winter's Day at the Land's End" (44), Mr. H. S. Tuke's "On the Jetty" (68), Mr. T. G. Gotch's "Bonfire" (78), and Mr. H. Detmold's "Peaceful Evening" (66), a really poetic study of atmospheric effect. Mr. Walter Langley and Miss Mellicent Grose contribute some interesting water-colours, in which the brighter side of the Newlyn School of painting is well marked.

In the Upper Gallery, Mr. James Guthrie, one of the cleverest of the Glasgow school of Scotch impressionists, exhibits a number of pastel drawings, which are sufficiently noteworthy to merit a separate exhibition. Mr. Guthrie has a keen eye for pictorial effect, and his rapid method of transferring his impressions finds pastel work well suited to his taste. As Mr. Guthrie does not think it worth while to give titles to his pictures, presumably he does not desire to have them specially distinguished. We will, therefore, respect his wish, without pretending to understand his object, and will content ourselves with admiring his fine sense of colour and frequently clever figure-drawing.

MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY.

To every lover of English landscape there is something more than usually attractive about "Constable's Country." We know Dedham Church and Flatford Mill, the Water Lane and Hay Wain, and, through these and other works, we picture to ourselves the Valley of the Stour, where John Constable first learned to love nature, and the district, not far off and in many respects so similar, where the older "Norwich School" found their inspirations. We are, therefore, all the more ready to revisit the country under the guidance of so competent a cicerone as Mr. Alfred Hartley shows himself to be. He has thoroughly imbued himself with the "local colour," and the result is that he can reproduce East Anglia under all the changes of air and sky. The very fact that he is not a "mannerist" is an additional advantage, for if at one moment we trace the predominance of a foreign influence, it gives place to another as the scene of subject shifts. In the "Valley of the Stour" (3), bright and full of sunlight, we have a complete antithesis to the dark pool in the "Water Lane" (20). In the "Meadows near Dedham" (22) the cows look as peaceful as those of Verboeckhoven in their Belgian pastures; while in "A Hazy Morning" (6), and again in the sketch of poplars beside the quiet stream, on which "Early Swallows" (28) are lightly skimming, we have a touch of French landscape style of the period of Corot. Among the other bright and successful studies should be mentioned "A Suffolk Pastoral" (10), "On the Upland Farm" (14), in which the bright sunlight is most happily treated; while in "Fen Lane" (13), Mr. Hartley shows a treatment of foliage which is deserving of all praise. This little exhibition, the fruit of eight months' constant work, will do much to raise the artist in public estimation, and it ought also to earn the gratitude of all those to whom the preservation of the memory of "Willy Lott's House" (9) and the "Valley Farm" (25), as memorials of John Constable and his art, seems a matter of importance or interest.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

There has not for a long time been a more interesting collection of water-colour drawings brought together than that of "Manysided Nature" as interpreted by Mr. Albert Goodwin, and now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street). Mr. Goodwin holds his place, and with good reason, in the front rank of our water-colour artists, and there are few if any of the members of the Old Society who excel him in poetic fancy and delicate workmanship. He can, moreover, take credit that the hope he expresses in his prefatory note to the catalogue, "that in landscape the West should not play second fiddle to the East," has been fully realised, and, with very few exceptions, the collection bears little evidence of that license "of colour regardless of form" against which Mr. Ruskin warned the artist in

bygone days. Still the colour is, in many of Mr. Goodwin's most beautiful works, the more important element—as, for instance, in "Nightfall on the Simplan" (22), in which the darkness rising from the valley, climbing the mountain-sides, takes away all interest from the form of porphyry-red crags or the snow-covered peaks above. In the study of dawn, "The Righi Unveiling" (23), everything is subordinate to the mass of clouds catching the first beams of morning light. On the other hand, in the delicate pen-work of the old church-tower of St. Wulfran, at "Abbeville" (15), as in the views of "Dordrecht" (35) and "Abingdon" (25), the sense of form is distinctly predominant, and in each a varying treatment of atmosphere is used with charming effect. In the picture of "Wells" (11) we almost lose sight of the cathedral embosomed in the stately trees by which it is surrounded on two sides, and we regret that Mr. Goodwin has not tried to render the glorious western front lighted up by the setting sun. Among the other gems of this interesting collection should be noticed "Hastings" (13), as seen from the slopes of the East Hill, and before the old town began to fill up the picturesque London-road; "Lucerne" (38), in the soft haze of a summer afternoon; "Windsor" (26), looming majestically through the autumn mist; "Salisbury Close" (51), in twilight; "Durham" (56), with its overhanging castle and cathedral; and "Exmoor" (65), in all the glory of its gorse and heather. These, and many others, show the range of Mr. Goodwin's powers, and bear witness to his keen appreciation of Nature in her ever-varying moods.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

The year's work in the Academy schools shows less results than the public had been led to expect from the frequent public pronouncements of professors and Academicians to whom the art-education of our fellow-countrymen is officially confided. For seven subjects there is no award at all; for one (open to architects only) there is no competition—an ominous suggestion that the Royal Academy would do well to leave the training of architects to a distinct professional body. The President, in the short address which preceded the distribution of the prizes, delicately conveyed his feeling of disappointment. With respect to the prizes awarded, Mr. Ralph Peacock is the pluralist of the year. He carries off the Creswick Prize (£30) for landscape, the silver medal for a figure from the life, and the first prize (£40) and silver medal for a set of six drawings from the life. Mr. Charles John Allen is successful in obtaining both of the first prizes for sculpture—for a group, "Rescued," and for a set of three figures modelled from the life. The subject of the group is the rescue of the young babe from the eagle's swoop, the dead body of the bird hanging beside the hunter, who shares the caresses which his wife is bestowing on their child. The work is very spirited and cleverly composed, displaying more originality of design than the skillfully executed Perseus and Andromeda of Mr. Everard Stourton, to which the second prize has been awarded. Mr. F. D. Walenn also carries off two prizes—one for painting, the other for drawing; but the only really masterful work in the whole exhibition is the cartoon of a draped figure of Caesar, "in his mantle muffing up his face," by Mr. Hugh Goldwin Rivière, in which boldness of drawing is combined with a sense of dignity and poetry in the averted hand and raised arm of the death-stricken Emperor. Mr. A. C. Weatherstone's decorative design "The Adoration of the Magi" is very much below the usual work of the competitors for this prize (£40) in former years; and there is little point or meaning in the summer arbour, flanked by sentinel angels, in which the Virgin receives the adoring gift-bringers. As for the Creswick Prize itself—for which at least fifty students have sent in pictures—it is difficult to understand the ground of the award, unless it be that, being almost the only landscape in which a figure was introduced, this exception determined the judges in its favour. The evening sky, it may be admitted, is cleverly rendered; but the young artist has avoided facing the more difficult problem of introducing clouds; while the four pinnacles of the church tower, which stand out against the sky, are altogether out of drawing and proportion.

The names of the artists of the unsuccessful works are not given, but we think the claims of some have been strangely set aside. No. 6, a deserted churchyard, has distinctly more poetic feeling. No. 9 renders with a good deal of success the stately yew-trees, but it is marred by the want of truthful evening tones on the grass. The competitors seem to have taken considerable liberties with the hour which "tells the knell of parting day," for the artist of No. 39 represents the full blaze of a midday sun, and that of No. 40 seems to have receded to the earliest hours of daylight, when nature is fresh and crisp. In the designs for the Armitage Prize, which is awarded to Miss Elizabeth M. Nichol, what strikes one most forcibly is the scrappy way in which one student adopts the style of one or other of the Royal Academicians—as if the personal influence of a particular week's or month's tuition left behind it only a pale reflection of each teacher's mannerism. The subject chosen for this competition was the "Messengers Coming to Job," and one may, perhaps, guess from the results, the charm which Biblical subjects have for art students. They offer a wide range for imaginative work; and the result is that we have the patriarch represented in all sorts of characters and situations, and the messengers presenting themselves in all kinds of attitudes. How far any of these are consonant with the rôle of an Arab sheik or shepherd it would be difficult to determine.

Two windows have been placed in Romsey Abbey to perpetuate the memory of the late Lord Mount-Temple.

M. Gennadius, hitherto Greek Minister resident in London, has been raised to the rank of Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. James's.

The Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff opened the Free Library at Salisbury on Dec. 10, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large company, among those present being the Mayor (Alderman Lovibond) and Corporation in their robes of office, the Bishop of the diocese, the Dean, Mr. E. H. Hulse, M.P., Viscount Folkestone, and Mr. W. R. Brown.

The Orient Company announce a series of yachting cruises, commencing early in February and continuing until September. The spring cruises embrace trips to the South of Spain, Algeria, Sicily, Greece, Constantinople, Cyprus, Palestine, &c. During the summer the North Sea will be the cruising ground, and the steamers will visit the chief towns and the principal fords on the west coast of Norway; proceeding as far as the North Cape, where in June and July the sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. In the autumn the steamers go south again, and the Mediterranean will be explored to its Eastern limit. The vessels appointed for these cruises are of about 4000 tons register, fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, smoking-rooms, &c.; and from their size, as well as their equipment, present exceptional opportunities for visiting in ease and comfort the most interesting places outside our own island at the season in each case most favourable for the purpose.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Peeblesshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 9, 1890) of Mr. William Black of Nether Wells, in the county of Roxburgh, residing at Arden Lee, Peebles, who died on Sept. 16 last, granted to Mrs. Elizabeth Black, the widow, and Robert Black, James Ebenezer Black, and Robert Ballantine Anderson, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 25, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £52,000.

The will (dated April 1, 1890) of Mr. Charles Skipper, late of 1, St. Dunstan's-hill, E.C., who died on Oct. 4 last, at Brighton, was proved on Dec. 5 by Edward Wormald and Lewis John Oatway, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, two policies on his life for £1500 each (subject to some charges thereon), all his stock in the Stationers' Company, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, musical instruments, jewellery, household goods and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock, and movable articles, to his wife, Mrs. Harriott Skipper, and he confirms their marriage settlement. He also bequeaths £500 to his daughter Louisa Harriott Cerise Julia Skipper; 200 guineas to his executor Mr. Oatway, and 100 guineas each to his executor Mr. Wormald and Robert Mackey Gordon. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she maintaining and educating sons under twenty-one and daughters until marriage. At his wife's death the residue is to be held, upon further trusts, for his said daughter, and his sons Charles Arthur John Skipper, Henry Peter Roden Skipper, and Walter Ferdinand Maxwell Skipper, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1890) of the Rev. James Southgate Austin, late of 11, St. James's-square, Bath, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Dec. 2 by Edward Cecil Winchcombe Austin and Edward James Austin, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate, real and personal, to his said two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1888), with three codicils (dated Dec. 1, 1888; Oct. 6, 1889; and Sept. 25, 1890), of General Sir Frederick William Hamilton, K.C.B., late of Pitcorthie, Fife, N.B., who died on Oct. 4 last, was proved on Nov. 26 by Colonel Alexander Charles Hamilton and Frederick Tower Hamilton, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £23,000. There are numerous legacies to relatives and others, including a bequest of the china given to him by Napoleon III. to the said Colonel A. C. Hamilton. The residue of his property is to be divided between certain of his nephews and nieces, a niece of his late wife, and the widow of a late nephew.

The will (dated April 19, 1888) of Mr. Edmund Heysham Wood-Besly, formerly Wood, late of the Stock Exchange, and of 37, Kensington-gardens-square, who died on Oct. 27 last, was proved on Nov. 19 by Mrs. Frances Caroline Sarah Wood-Besly, the widow, and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000, and the net value to £26,536. He appoints the trust funds under his marriage settlement, which he confirms, on the death of his wife, as to one fourth to Ralph, Georgina, Ronald, Thomas, John, and James Branton Day, Marion Branton Green, and Annie Branton Grover, as his wife shall appoint; as to two fourths to Sophia Ellen Schuster, Maria, Henry, Reginald Walter Herbert, Frederick Arthur, Elaine Alice, Herbert William jun., Christine, and Ethel Louise Wood, and Frances Ellen, George Herbert, Beatrice, Percy, and Alexander Arbuthnot, as his wife shall appoint; and as to the remaining fourth to Woodham Arthur, Sarah Emily, William B., Newell jun., Francis, Henry, and Herbert Connop, and Fanny Eliza Cox, also as his wife shall appoint; and the lease of his residence, with the fixtures, furniture, and effects, to his wife absolutely. There are a few legacies to relatives and others; and £100 to be applied in the maintenance and repair of his grave. The residue of his property he gives, devises, and bequeaths to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1884) of Major-General Charles Henry Cooke, R.A. (Bengal), late of Edginswell, Cheltenham, who died on Oct. 18 last, was proved on Dec. 1 by Colonel Usher Lee Morris, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Dawson Sheppard, and Edward William Beal, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Ellen Cooke; and his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for Eliza Denham Cooke, George Richard Usher Cooke, Constance Mabel Cooke, and Hilda Maude Cooke, his children by his former marriage, the shares of each to be equal.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the holograph will (dated June 15, 1890) of the Hon. Robert Lee, one of the senators of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Lee, residing at 12, Rothesay-place, Edinburgh, who died on Oct. 11 last, granted to Mrs. Catherine Alleyne Borthwick, or Lee, the widow, Alexander Henderson Lee, the brother, Lord Kinnear, and Bremner Patrick Lee, the nephew, the executors-nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £10,000.

The will and codicil of Mr. Robert Steggall, late of The Croft, Southover, Lewes, Sussex, who died on Sept. 1, were proved on Nov. 26 by Horatio Henry Flemming, Miss Caroline Lilian Steggall, the daughter, and Sidney Flemming, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7314.

M. Anton Rubinstein, the famous pianist, has resigned the post of director of the Musical Conservatoire of St. Petersburg.

In the annual report of the Department of Agriculture in the province of Quebec, just issued, it is stated that no fewer than 1009 fathers have applied for the hundred acres of Crown land offered for every family of twelve living children, and that 12,447 children altogether are represented by these applicants. The new landowners are to be collected in groups, which may form parishes later on. In future an applicant will not have to produce a certificate of birth for each child, as that involves an expenditure sometimes reaching £10.

In November the Fishmongers' Company seized, at Billingsgate, as unfit for human food, 86 tons 13 cwt. of fish. Of this quantity 60 tons came by land and 26 tons by water; 73 tons were wet fish and 13 tons shell-fish. The weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate during the month was 12,494 tons, of which 8679 tons arrived by land, and 3815 tons by water. The fish seized included cockles (4 tons), cod, crabs, eels, scallops, haddocks, herrings, lobsters, mussels (3 tons), periwinkles (3 tons), plaice, salmon, shrimps, skate (11 tons), smelts, sprats (49 tons), turbot, whelks, and whiting. At Shadwell market, out of a total delivery of 1130 tons, 25 tons were seized, 3 tons being immature fish, and 22 tons Norway herrings. The proportion of fish seized to that delivered was 1 ton in 144 tons at Billingsgate, and 1 ton in 44 tons at Shadwell.

## THE OWL AND THE FRAUDULENT FOXES.

One of those true stories, almost human and really humorous, illustrative of the sagacity and invention of animals, came to my knowledge at a small country place, called Hope Valley, in South Africa. I had gone there by train, but, wishing to continue my journey to a place the line did not touch, I went to a man called Pete Barbur, the only livery-stable keeper in the village, and hired a conveyance and horses. While preparations were being made, I strolled round the straggling stable-yard and presently came to a long wire cage—about 10 ft. in length—with two young foxes in it; they were romping about, full of glee, and apparently in the highest spirits.

They paused in their play for a minute, peered at me with sidelong looks, deliberated with twinkling eyes and with momentarily restrained impulses, like mischievous schoolboys, and then quite suddenly fell to play more energetically than ever—rolling over one another—bounding from corners, showing sharp gleaming teeth, grappling each other's soft furry necks, and becoming undistinguishable balls of fur and waving tails; poking each other in the sides with nimble paws, and frolicking immensely. Man is the only animal that laughs; but I never saw anything more expressive of hilarity in animals before.

The carriage being ready, we departed, Mr. Barbur driving me himself. As we drove along the country road, gradually becoming better acquainted, Mr. Barbur, after a somewhat longer pause than usual, casually observed:—

"I saw you looking at those foxes in my yard. What d'ye think of 'em?"

"They're a fine-looking pair," I replied; "apparently happy enough."

"I will tell you something about them," he remarked, which he did as follows:—

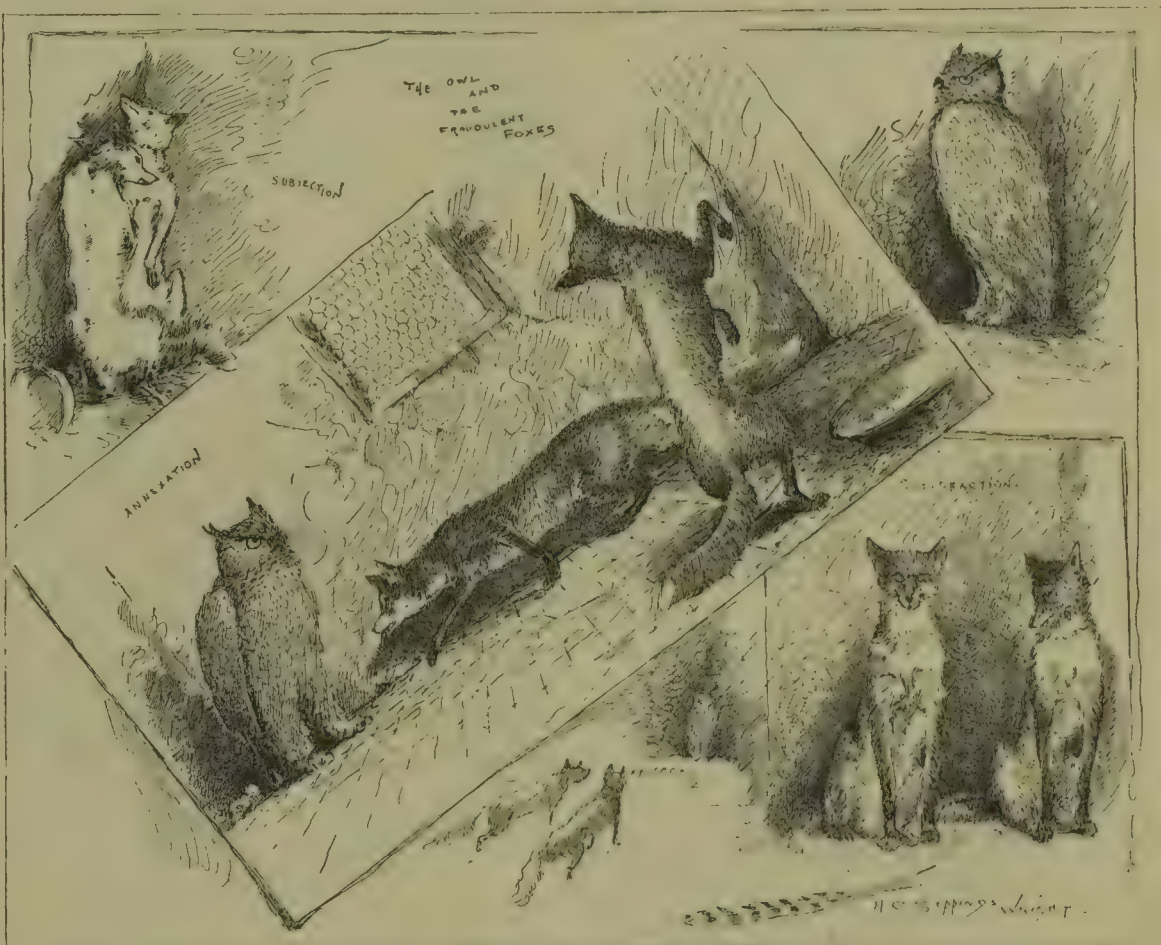
"Not a great ways back I was strolling in the woods, and came upon two very young foxes, which I took home, and put in that cage as you see 'em. A friend of mine in the village

manner you could ever conceive; never pausing for one single minute, but just acting reg'lar crazy. The effect on Toots, that was the name of the owl, was remarkable. He seemed, if I may so remark it in a dumb animal, to consider this was a performance got up for his own special gratification. So, gradually, he leant forward, with wings slightly elevated and beak open, quite absorbed in them gymnastics, and staring hard enough to petrify a log of wood. At this moment, while the owl was blinking his hardest, to keep pace with the dance, the female fox silently stole down along one side of the cage, made a quick glide behind the absorbed owl, snatched the meat, and flew back to the other end—that is, to their own end of the cage. Upon the safe accomplishment of this design, the dog fox instantly cut off his capers, joined his mate, and then the two together had a comfortable and tidy bit of meat, which was, as I take it, at the owl's expense.

"Them foxes," remarked Mr. Barbur, half in admiring soliloquy, "are just a mingled mass of acuteness and fraud." He then continued: "Well; my wife told me this, as I've said; and next day, after feeding-time, we both watched together, being much enticed and interested. Pre-cisely the same performance took place over again—the owl on guard, staring hard at the foxes; the foxes staring ditto at the owl; then, without any preamble whatever, the mad dance of the male fox, the absorption of Toots, and the vixen fox, as before, stealing silently along, grabbing the meat; and finally, the quiet repast of the foxes, which, as I take it, was at the expense of that unconscious bird.

"This went on regularly, day after day, for a week or ten days. At last, one Sunday evening, my boy went to feed the animals, and, for some reason or other, gave the owl a smaller quantity than usual. The result was that Toots ate all his food up, and had none to ward and watch over. This being so, he did not stand in his usual corner, but just strutted round for a while, stood still, and stared at the landscape.

"Now, when the foxes came gliding round the cage, they all at once discovered they had been cheated out of their



THE OWL AND THE FRAUDULENT FOXES.

was possessed of an owl, which he set great store by; and he asked me if he might put it in the same cage with the young foxes, just for complacency and company, as it were. You see, that owl moped a good deal, and got silent and solitary.

"Accordingly the owl was put in the cage. At first—well, I don't want to set here and tell you no lie—in fact, for many weeks, the foxes were most awfully scared of that owl. They lived in a state of subjection and in their own corner. These animals had one end of the cage, and the owl had the other, and they kept to their own quarters pretty generally, I can tell you. If ever the foxes approached the bird beyond a certain point, he—that's the owl—would open his hooked beak, hiss, ruffle his feathers, and glare at 'em with two great shining eyes of fire. Those foxes always hastily retired, and remained very quiet and crunched up in their own corner. Daily, when they were fed with mice, bits of raw meat, or small birds, the foxes would seize their food and gobble it up at once; but the owl would just take his allowance of raw meat—shoved through the wires on the end of a stick—cat what he required, and put whatever remained over in a corner, where he stood guard over it; then, in the course of an hour or so, that owl would turn gravely round and finish it up. This went on day after day and day after day, the owl just eating so much and guarding the rest.

"Now, the foxes—they were dog and vixen, by the way—well, the foxes had noticed all this performance time and time again. They used to stand remarkably still, with somewhat uneasy eyes, and watch the proceedings with the greatest interest; but, of course, they were too much afraid of the owl—why, it had a habit of flopping its feathered ears at them—much too scared to ever get near; and so the performance succeeded.

"But the foxes were growing rapidly, and becoming stronger and bolder, and this state of things was not to last long. No. Sir; for one day, my wife, having fed them as usual, chanced to glance back in the direction of the cage—that is, from our house doorstep—and saw the owl standing guard, as usual, over the remnants of its dinner, while the foxes, a few feet away, were as perfectly motionless as carved images, and staring hard at the owl also as usual. Well, all of a sudden the dog fox commenced jumping up and down, manœuvring round, and flinging himself about in the wildest

supper; that is, out of their second repast, which they had begun to reckon on as reg'lar. When the vixen discovered this, they both came and then retired to their own corner, where they colloqued together some time, and then the most astonishing thing happened, for they creepily advanced toward the owl, fell upon the bird, and ate him. All that remained were a few feathers, which I saw, as I happened to arrive home the day after this calamity." So far Mr. Barbur's story.

It was much later when I returned to Hope Valley and took the train for Wood River Junction, where I had to wait some twenty minutes or so for a mail line train. As I loitered along the platform, smoking, the stoker of the engine, that had conveyed me from Hope Valley, swung himself down from the "weather-house," and came to meet me.

"I saw you in our village to-day," he began, wiping his hands on an oily rag-waste, "and saw you take a carriage from Pete Barbur's stable?"

"Yes?" I said interrogatively.

"Did Pete tell you a yarn about an owl?"

"Yes," I admitted, "he did."

"That was my owl," and he swung himself on to the engine again.

C. L.

An Imperial edict has been issued in Peking of a very friendly tenor, stating that the Emperor will receive all foreign representatives in audience in March. On the day following there will be a grand Imperial banquet at the Tsung-li-Yamen. The edict further states that a similar audience will be given annually during the first moon, and further commands the Tsung-li-Yamen to invite the representatives, on the part of the Emperor, to a similar banquet on every future important occasion.

Sir Edward Bradford has announced to the Metropolitan Police Force that there is to be a general increase of pay. Superintendents and divisional inspectors (the Press Association is informed) will benefit most by the increase, which has given general satisfaction, except to some inspectors whose increase of pay, it is stated, is less in proportion than that of the constables. April 1, 1891, is the date fixed by the Home Secretary for the acceptance or refusal of the new Pension Bill by the force.



Our old coachman has been sent to fetch me home. He takes me and another chap, called Dick Short, generally called "Curley," to the place where the coach—a thing called the "Rapid"—started from. John took our tickets—outside, of course. Curley and me thought there were too many boxes. One old lady had six—such whoppers, too! that it seemed as if we shouldn't be able to find seats. Curley and me thought that we should have no fun at all, because there were no other fellows going



Old John had got us seats behind the coachman—jolly nice of the old chap, we thought—as Curley and me had a stunning fine view of the horses; but we soon found out that the driver and John were old chums. My eye! Wasn't it larks when we started! The horses did everything but start quietly. What a row the guard made with his blessed horn! Oh! it was jolly!

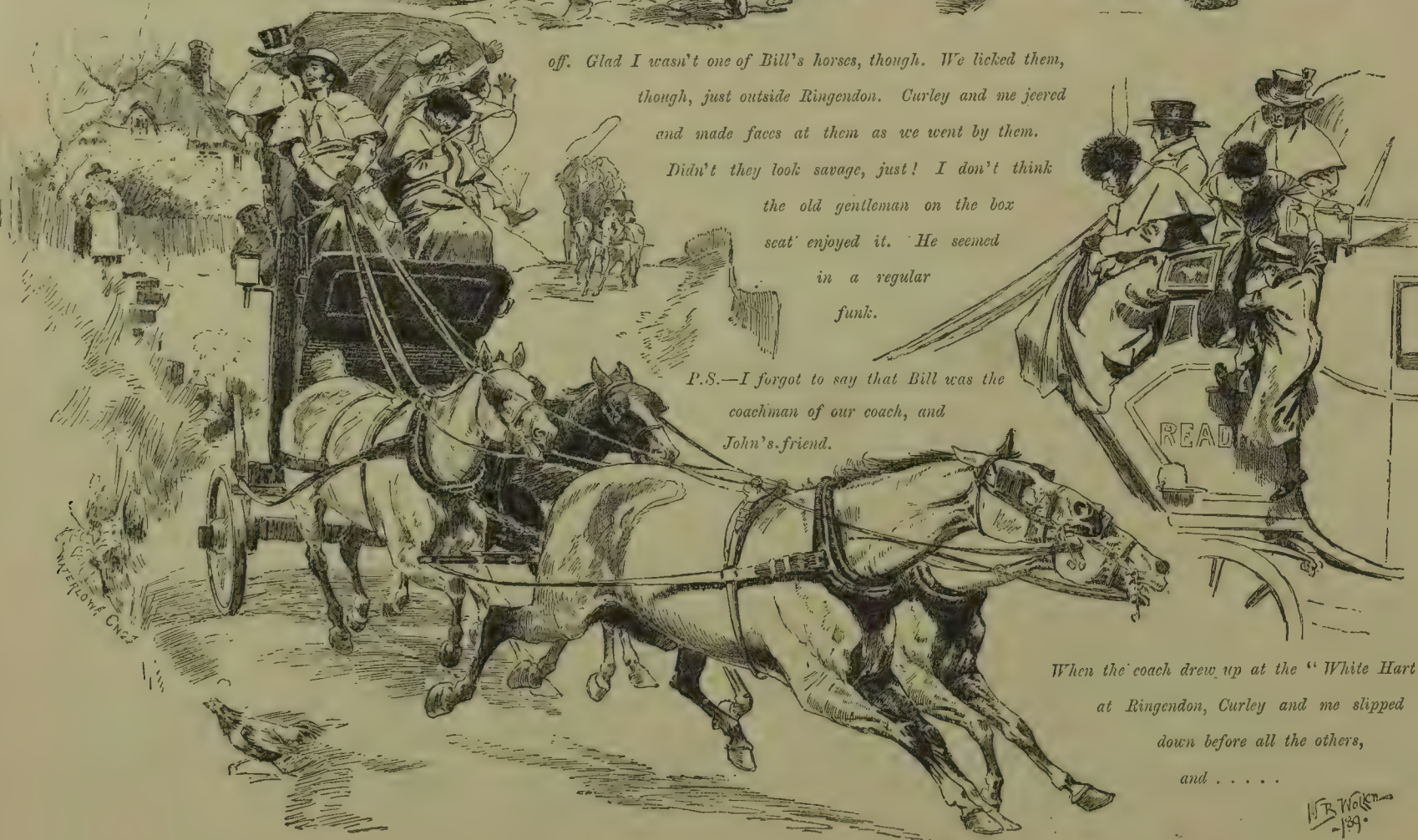
We had a regular lark on the road. John saw a coach about a mile ahead, and bet Bill a pint of beer that he didn't catch it up before we got to Ringendon, about four miles



off. Glad I wasn't one of Bill's horses, though. We licked them, though, just outside Ringendon. Curley and me jeered and made faces at them as we went by them.

Didn't they look savage, just! I don't think the old gentleman on the box seat enjoyed it. He seemed in a regular funk.

P.S.—I forgot to say that Bill was the coachman of our coach, and John's friend.



When the coach drew up at the "White Hart" at Ringendon, Curley and me slipped down before all the others, and . . . .

W.B. WALKER  
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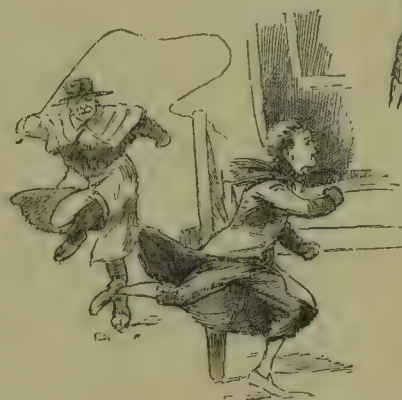


... we were both comfortably seated at the table before any of the others came in. When we had finished, Curley and me went out into the street to see the horses put to

It had been snowing, so we began snow-balling each other. The coachman came out of the taproom to see what the row was about. He was a crusty old chap, for when ...



... Curley hit him on his hat with a snowball, by mistake, he



... retaliated very violently, which wasn't exactly fair.

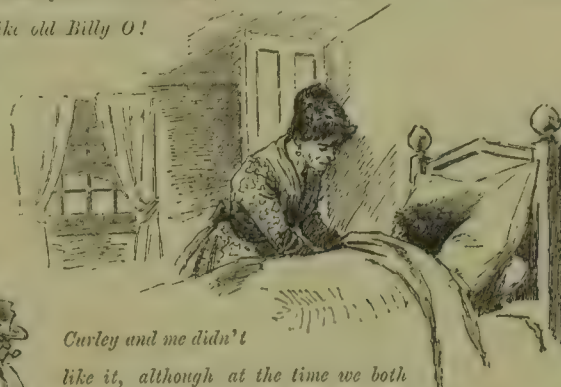


The next driver was a queer old fellow, and no mistake! He drove into a snow-drift by mistake. The old chap on the box seat asked him "where he was going to." And we thought him very clever when he said "he did not know, as he had not been that way before—at least, not to his knowledge." He was awfully nice and polite all the time, poor old chap! for the other passengers—especially the old lady with the six big boxes—pitched into him like old Billy O!

Curley and myself jumped into the snow. Curley went first, and nearly disappeared. My goodness! but the snow was deep! After a little bit, someone came with a couple of cart-horses—such big fellows!—a man or two with spades, and, between them, the coach was dug and pulled out.



Curley and me didn't like it, although at the time we both thought it a rare spree. When I got home my mother put me to bed, for she said she was certain I had caught my death of cold. I hadn't—I knew I hadn't—done anything of the kind. However, she kept me there the whole of next day. Beastly shame! I think, as I know I was all right; and there was such a lot of snowballing and skating going on! Curley told me afterwards that his mother kept him in bed two days. So, after all, I don't mind.





## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## ABOUT SPIDERS.

There is no denying the fact that spiders are not the favourites they should be in popular estimation. Personally, I think that ancient nursery rhyme regarding the spider and the fly has much to do with the disfavour wherewith spiders are generally regarded. The fly is shown to be so unsuspecting a member of the insect fraternity, and the spider so cunning a creature, that at once the popular verdict is delivered against the spider and in favour of the fly. This is not as it should be. The spider is no worse than any other animal in respect of its predatory ways. It must live, and it only obeys Dame Nature's orders in utilising the means wherewith it has been provided for the capture of flies. We do not ostracise a Venus' fly-trap or a sun-dew plant, which captures flies by methods quite as cunning and complex as those of the spider; and we still speak of the lion as "king of animals," despite his cruelty to the antelopes and other game on which his leonine majesty feeds. So that one may feel justified in protesting against popular hatred of the Arachnid class, seeing that not only do spiders exhibit many interesting traits of character, but also exemplify certain phases of life which it would be difficult to parallel elsewhere in the animal kingdom. What a spider is, may first of all be noticed, inasmuch as popular natural history, given to regard the spider as an "insect," is very much at sea in its deductions. A spider is not an insect. It belongs to another division or class (*Arachnida*) of the great Articulata group of animals. It possesses eight legs, while your insect has only six; and it has its head and chest formed in one, whereas your insect has head, chest, and tail (or abdomen) distinctly marked one from the other. So, also, the spider has no antennae or feelers, as such; it has no wings, and its breathing is conducted in a somewhat different fashion to that seen in the insect class.

The fabled Arachne was a nymph who set herself to challenge Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, to a spinning-match, so vain was this nymph of her weaving powers. Minerva—haughty dame—resented the challenge, and changed Arachne into a spider—a metamorphosis giving her full scope for her boasted spinning qualities. Now, it is this spinning process which distinguishes spiders, among other features. In them we find certain organs called spinnerets, and these communicate with the silk-glands which make the silky fluid. This fluid is pressed through the numerous holes in the spinnerets, and, as it coagulates in contact with the air, the silk can be drawn or pressed out into the form of fine threads. When we think of it, we may, with Pope, hold that the spider's thread is "exquisitely fine," seeing that the single delicate thread wherewith the web is made is formed in turn of the many different strands contributed by the individual spinnerets. Webs are constructed by our common spiders, as everyone knows; others make tents of finest silk; and others, again, line holes in the ground for their silk-secretion.

Socially, spiders are a peculiar people. They have apparently solved the women's rights question satisfactorily enough, from the ladies' standpoint at least, seeing that the male spiders are poor creatures as a rule, and are dominated (and even eaten up) by their more powerful mates. Nor are their nervous qualities and powers less interesting. To begin with, everybody agrees that their sense of touch is all that Pope claims for it. Touch is, indeed, the ruling feature of the spider's organisation. But beyond touch, the Arachnids have little to boast of in the way of nervous powers. Just think of what Mr. Boys has told us of the taste-faculty of spiders. When a fly was soaked in paraffin it was not entirely rejected by a spider as food, and everybody of a well-regulated turn of mind of course abhors that fluid; yet, strangely enough, the spiders reject what many human persons of high taste would regard as a highly acceptable dainty. For when alcohol, even well diluted, was offered to a species of spider well known as the *Lycosa diadema*, she rejected the food thus tainted, and even, adds Mr. Boys, rubbed her mouth against any object to get rid of the taste. What a moral lesson for the lecturer on total abstinence Mistress Diadema presents, and with what unction may the spider's abhorrence of alcohol be detailed for the benefit of the less sagacious human unit! Still, the paraffin incident is a counterbalancing argument, and it will hardly suffice to claim the spider as the best judge of what is, or is not, suitable for man.

Professor Boys tells us that spiders are practically blind, in that they do not see farther than their noses—if I may use the familiar simile as applicable to Arachnid life. Hunting-spiders may prove exceptions to this rule of defective vision, it is true; but there seems every reason to suppose that spiders are by no means brilliant as regards their ocular powers. They want the compound eyes which most insects possess, and are furnished with simple eyes (or *ocelli*) to the number of eight. Now, these simple eyes appear to be adapted for near-sight only; though it has been shown that there may exist differences of power between the eight eyes borne in a spider's head. A certain spider, *Lycosa sacenta* by name, has been known to roam backwards and forwards for nearly two hours over a small table, looking for a parcel of eggs she had enclosed, as is the custom of her race, in a small silken cocoon, and only then found them by the merest accident, when she had practically touched them. So also, when Mr. and Mrs. Peckham placed a leaden shot in the cocoon in place of the eggs, the lead was carried about as carefully as if the young brood had been enclosed in the silken investment. Again, as to taste, what are we to say of other experiments confirming the paraffin trial above alluded to? A captured fly was replaced by Mr. Boys (on the spider's line) by a piece of cork. The fraudulent cork was duly pulled up into the web by the spider. It was tried, gnawed, and tested before it was finally rejected, in a manner which suggested that taste and perception of the prey were manifestly deficient faculties in the Arachnid.

Much the same result was seen when a piece of an india-rubber ring was offered to the spider. This object, held by a pair of forceps, was literally fought for by the spider, and when released, was carried off to her nest as if it had been a veritable fly. Then ensued a process of biting and gnawing at the india-rubber, and finally, after coming to the very late and protracted decision that it was indigestible in nature, the india-rubber was dropped over the side of the web. Mr. Boys offered the object again to the spider, and with the result that experience did not teach the Arachnid, since she was willing to be deceived again. When a tuning-fork is made to sound near a spider, its vibrations, transmitted to the web, will cause the animal to hurry out to reconnoitre, but that it is only the mere vibrations transmitted to the net, and not the sound, which is the cause of alarm, seems to be fairly proved. Low notes are not apparently distinguished from high notes, and the hearing of our Arachnids may, therefore, be placed on a par with their sense of taste, or with their sense of sight. All the same, we may safely assume that spider-senses fully suit spider life and its exigencies, and that is about all that even we ourselves can expect or demand in the way of nervous powers.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CYGNUS.—A compilation of games by leading masters was recently published at odds of Pawn and move by W. Morgan, Medina-road, Holloway, N., to whom you had better write. "Staunton's Companion" also furnishes some studies in the openings at odds.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Thanks for the game, which shall receive our early attention. The other matter has had a practical reply.

W. DAVID (Cardiff).—Your problem shall be carefully examined, with a view to publication.

DR. F. ST.—We are greatly afraid there is a true bill against your last published problem by 1. Q to B sq. 2. P to Kt 4th, &c., for overlooking which we owe you an apology. Thanks for further contributions; they shall have our attention.

CHIVALIER DESANGES.—Your problem is very good, if quite correct; but it will need very careful scrutiny. Thanks for good wishes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2419 to No. 2422 received from P. B. Bennie (Melbourne); of No. 2423 from Dr. A. V. Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2424 from C. W. Von Alken (Wyoming, U.S.A.); of No. 2425 from J. T. Pullen and W. Barrett; of No. 2426 from W. Barrett, Blair H. O'Connor, W. H. Reed, E. G. Boys, J. T. Pullen, A. S. (The Hague), and R. W. Cragie; of No. 2427 from E. G. Boys, Tortebesse, Captain J. A. Challice, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Lt.-Colonel Lorraine, W. Barrett, N. Galea, C. C. Weston (Doncaster), Myles Taylor (Crook), A. H. Sell, and E. Sanders.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2435 received from F. W. Timmons (Woburn), Sydney Robertson, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), New Forest, Dawn, P. C. (Shrewsbury), E. Louden, Herbert Chown (Brighton), R. H. Brooks, Edward Bygott, Shadforth, Alpha, Julia Short (Exeter), R. Worters (Canterbury), J. Coad, B. D. Knox, A. Newman, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. Eaton, M. Burke, Columbus, A. N. Brayshaw, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), T. Roberts, Lt.-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), J. Dixon, Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), N. Harris, T. G. (Ware), Fidelitas, W. H. D. Henvey, J. Ross (Whitley), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H. B. Hurford, W. R. B. (Plymouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. Rallem, E. E. H., C. E. Perugini, W. Wright, C. E. H. (Clifton), F. Deane, Martin F. P. H. Hudson, and F. R.

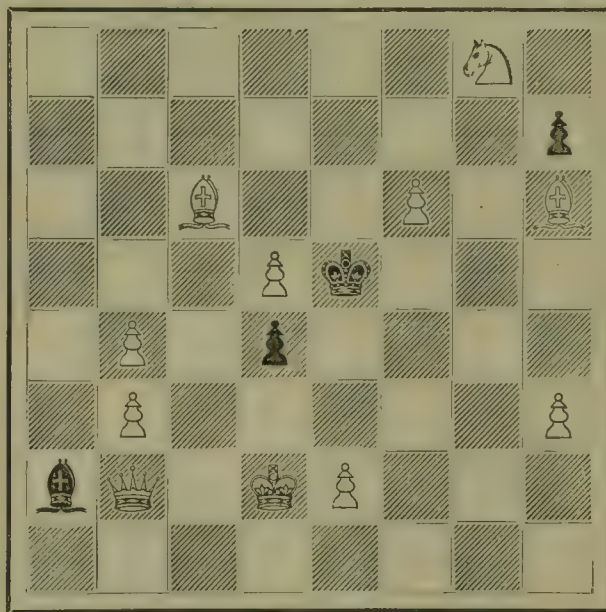
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2433.—By A. BOLUS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to B 2nd. Any move  
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2437.

By A. N. BRAYSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN CAMBRIDGE.

Game played in the match between the British and Cambridge University Chess Clubs, between Messrs. TRENCHARD (London) and LESTER (Cambridge).

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. H. B. L.)	BLACK (Mr. H. W. T.)	WHITE (Mr. H. B. L.)	BLACK (Mr. H. W. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	28. R to Q 4th	R to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	29. R to Q sq	R to B sq
3. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	30. R to Q 4th	R takes R
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to B 4th	31. Kt takes R	K to B sq
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	32. R takes P	K to K 2nd
6. Kt to Kt 3rd	P takes Q P	33. R to Q B 3rd	R takes R
7. K P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	34. P takes it	P to Q R 3rd
8. B to Q 2nd	B takes B (ch)	35. K to Kt 2nd	K to Q 3rd
9. Q takes B	Castles	36. K to B 3rd	K to Q 4th
10. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	37. K to K 3rd	K to B 5th
11. B takes B P	Kt to K 2nd	38. K to Q 2nd	P to Kt 3rd
12. Castles	B to Q 2nd	39. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
13. Kt to B 5th	B to B 3rd	40. P to Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
14. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Q 4th	41. P to Kt 5th	P takes P

The opening has been careful and correct on both sides. Black now apparently fears Kt takes K P, giving up two minor pieces for R and two pawns.

15. B takes B. Q takes B. 16. K R to K sq. K R to Q sq. 17. Kt to B 3rd. Kt to Kt 3rd. 18. Q to Q 3rd. Q takes Kt. It is much better, and if White play Q takes Kt, the reply is winning a P and bringing his Rooks at once into action.

19. Kt to Kt 3rd. Q to K R 4th. 20. Q Kt to Q 2nd. P to K 4th. 21. Kt to K 4th. Kt takes Kt. 22. R takes Kt. Kt to B 5th.

Weak. R to Q 2nd, with the intention of doubling the Rooks, should have been played. The K P, of course, cannot be taken.

23. Q to K 3rd. Q to Kt 5th. All this part of the game is so poorly played by Black that the loss of a piece is not a surprising consequence.

24. P to Kt 3rd. Kt to B 6th (ch). 25. K to Kt 2nd. Kt to B 5th (ch). 26. K to R sq. P takes P. 27. Q takes Kt. Q takes Q. 28. R takes Q.

From this position White, with a piece

The December number of the *Chess Monthly* contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, one of the founders of the British Chess Club. Fortunately for himself, his reputation rests on better achievements than his chess career; but he is known as an original player, able to make a fight with the best, and one that is never beaten till he is mated.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne is announced to give an exhibition of blindfold chess, against members of the Cyprus Club, on Saturday, Dec. 20, at 1, Cheapside, E.C., commencing at three o'clock. We also learn that he is engaged to visit the Leamington Club on Dec. 22 and 23, when, although the proceedings will be private, all known chess-players of the neighbourhood will receive cards of invitation to be present by applying to Mr. Wall or Signor Aspa.

In the City of London tournament the leaders are still holding their ground tenaciously. In No. 1 section (first class) Messrs. Loman, Smith, Eckenstein, and Zangwill are still in the van, and in No. 2 section Messrs. Black, Gibbons, Howell, Manlove, and Morlan are still almost abreast. In No. 3 section Mr. A. H. Watson has taken a strong lead, but in No. 4 section Messrs. Hamburger, Alexandre, Latham, Tietjen, and Smith are in a cluster at the top, while in No. 5 section Messrs. Howell, Booth, and Dr. Copland are within half a point of each other. In No. 6, 7, and 8 sections (all third class) the contests are equally close, Messrs. Ridpath and Gooding being the only competitors who still retain unbroken scores.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Mr. Patrick E. Bourke High Sheriff of the City of Limerick for 1891.

In an address to the successful students of the Royal Academy Schools at Burlington House, Sir Frederick Leighton criticised, in a friendly spirit, the competitions in the several classes, giving special commendation to the designs in mural decoration.

## MUSIC.

With the near approach of Christmas, musical performances are undergoing the usual temporary subsidence—this year, however, briefer than usual. Some of the serial concerts are already suspended. The Saturday afternoon performances at the Crystal Palace ended for the year on Dec. 13, when a new symphony by Mr. E. German was performed. The composer has gained much approbation by several works, notably by his overture and music to "Richard III." The new work now referred to is a revised and improved version of an earlier production. It comprises some very effective music, particularly the minuet, and the final movement, with its well-wrought climax. The composer conducted its performance, which was well received; other portions of the concert having been directed by Mr. Carl Jung. Miss Fanny Davies played Beethoven's fifth pianoforte concerto ("The Emperor") with special effect, and vocal solos were well rendered by Miss Fillunger.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Dec. 13 included a performance of Brahms's charming "Liebeslieder" waltzes for voices and pianoforte duet accompaniment. The vocalists were—Mrs. Henschel, Miss L. Little, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel, with Madame Haas and Mr. Frantzen at the pianoforte. The lady last named was the solo pianist of the day.

The last Monday evening Popular Concert of 1890 took place on Dec. 15, when the programme included Brahms's gipsy songs, and pianoforte solo and concerted music. The string quartet party—again led by Madame Neruda—was the same as before, as were the vocalists, and Madame Haas was the pianist. The final afternoon concert of the year was announced for Dec. 20.

Concerts of a sacred character are appropriate features of the present period; one of special importance having been that which opened the new season of the Bach Choir at St. James's Hall, of which we must speak hereafter. Brahms's "Requiem" and Dr. Parry's cantata "St. Cecilia's Day" were announced for the occasion. Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concert at St. James's Hall on Dec. 17 was specially prepared with a view to Christmas, carols having been features of the programme.

On the date last named, Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment" was announced to be given, with orchestral accompaniments, as a portion of a special service at St. Paul's Church, Kensington.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was announced for performance by the New Court Choral Society at the Shoreditch Townhall on Dec. 16; and a grand Christmas performance of the "Messiah" was promised at St. James's Hall on Dec. 18.

The Royal College of Music lately gave, at St. James's Hall, an important concert, which included the co-operation of a full orchestra, largely consisting of students. A very cleverly written setting of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra, demonstrated the progress of Mr. Charles Wood (an associate of the College) in musical composition; and the remarkable skill displayed by Miss C. Elieson in the performance of a difficult violin fantasia of Vieuxtemps proved the efficiency of the course of instruction in executive art pursued by the college. Miss M. Chamberlain sang Cherubini's solo "O Salutaris," with much expression, and several students were associated with the orchestra in the rendering of the finale to the first act of Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte." Professor Stanford conducted.

Sir Charles Hallé's orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 12, included fine performances of works of a very different character. Cherubini's serious overture to his "Medea" and Berlioz's elaborate and fantastic "Symphonie Fantastique" were in strong contrast to the charming little "Romanza" by Mozart from his "Kleine Nachtmusik." Madame Neruda gave her well-known admirable performance of Beethoven's violin concerto, and the concert was altogether of a very high character.

The Royal Academy of Music gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Dec. 12, when good proof was afforded of the progress of the students. An overture, "The Fire-Worshippers," by G. Bantock, and a movement from a symphony by R. Steggall, were creditable efforts in composition, as were the executive displays, as pianists, of Master S. Szczepanowski and Misses L. Davies and M. Lyons. Dr. Mackenzie, the principal, conducted.

A recent students' orchestral concert at Princes' Hall manifested the importance assumed by that branch of study at Trinity College, London. Among much to commend were the pianoforte performances of Misses E. Idle, Shuttleworth, Clapton, and Master Ketelby; and the violin-playing of Mr. Fenigstein, and Mr. W. Evans. Mr. F. Corder conducted.

The first of two concerts of Mr. R. Gompertz (an esteemed violinist) took place at Princes' Hall on Dec. 11, when the selection of music was of a varied and interesting character. Another interesting performance was that of Mr. F. Boscowitz, at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 12, when he discoursed about the music of the spinet, the harpsichord, and the modern grand pianoforte, with practical illustrations.

A concert, under the direction of Mr. I. De Lara, at Steinway Hall, was announced for Dec. 11, in aid of the Catholic Schools Building Fund, Convent of Mercy, Cadogan-street.

The fifty-seventh performance of the Musical Artists' Society took place on Dec. 13 at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included a violoncello recital by that highly skilled performer Herr Julius Klengel; Mr. N. Croker's English song recital, at Steinway Hall; a concert by Mr. T. R. Glanville; one by Madame Sinico (long an esteemed prima donna on our Italian operatic stage); and a soirée musicale by Mlle. Otta Brony, the young lady who made a favourable impression on her recent début at our Royal Italian Opera.

The competition for the Sainton-Dolby prize at the Royal Academy of Music took place on Dec. 11. There were twenty-two candidates, and the prize was awarded to Miss Mary Hay; Miss Vina Galbraith, Miss Adela Bona, and Miss Lizzie Neal being very highly commended.

All the Judges in town assembled, on Dec. 10, in the Court of Appeal, in honour of the late Mr. Baron Huddleston, upon whom the Attorney-General pronounced an eulogium in the name of the Bar. The Master of the Rolls said he indorsed all that had been said, and he dwelt especially upon his late colleague's indefatigable industry, remarkable powers of persuasion, and lucidity of statement.

Mr. Charles Robert Leslie Fletcher, M.A., some time Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been elected to an official Fellowship in Magdalen College as History Tutor; the Rev. George Albert Cooke, B.A., Merchant Taylors' Senior Scholar and Lecturer in Hebrew at St. John's College, has been elected Chaplain of Magdalen College; and Mr. Arthur Lionel Pedder, B.A., formerly Demy, has been appointed to act as Lecturer in Mathematics in the same college.



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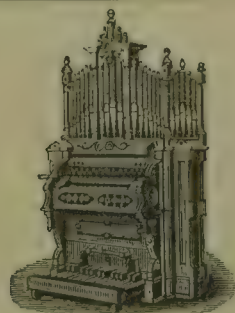
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A combination of Pipes and Reeds which do not go out of tune by change of temperature.

TESTIMONIALS AND LISTS POST FREE.

CHAPPELL AND CO.'S, 49, 50, 51, 52, NEW BOND STREET, W.  
Steam Factory: BELMONT STREET, CHALK FARM. (Telephone No. 3653.)



## A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD.

Prompt, energetic, fertile of resource, a man of the world and a man of honour, with a jovial light-heartedness that, doing its best for the morrow, took life, nevertheless, as it came—such was the gentleman of the road of a generation ago.

He was a type that, at least in Scotland, has all but passed away. With railways running everywhere over the country, and with no greater obstacle in the way of travel than the purchase of a train-ticket, a different class of commercial man has come to be on the road. Here and there, it is true, an old stager is still to be met, irking under the new conditions and ready always with a shake of the head for the glories of the "old driving days," and here and there the principal of a firm may be found doing a journey himself. These keep up something of the old dignity of the profession, and to them at inn and hostelry something of the old respect still is paid. But younger and slighter men now make the majority. In a crowd they come, and, pressing among competitors for patronage, they are apt to be treated with scant respect.

In the old days something of the qualities necessary to a modern African explorer were required by the representative of a commercial house. As a rule, he drove his own conveyance—a heavy coach laden with the cases of samples from which he sold his house's wares—and starting, whip in hand, upon each well-mapped journey at an appointed season of the year, he might be absent two or even three months. Many a long drive he had, by day and often by night, to keep faith with his engagements, and many a tale of strange emergencies was his, as a rule, to tell. No little planning it took beforehand to map out the stages of the journey between the powers

of the steed and the distances to be covered. Holidays and market days at the various towns had to be avoided; for then no business could be done; and if an extra long distance was driven one day it must be to a place where the morrow's business would allow the horse to rest. All this in full view of the fact that customers had been advertised in advance of the traveller's visit and of the exact date on which he would appear, in order that they might have their list of purchases ready and that no time might be lost. Throughout the country the traveller came to be well known, and tollmen and ostlers at the wayside inns where he stopped to bait were already prepared for his breezy greeting as, prompt to an afternoon, he drove up and passed. Stories of his doings and sayings were the current topics of the road. He was the hero of a hundred innyards. Groom and stable-boy looked up to him with admiration and awe, and he ruled them like an emperor. When he thundered into a country town the sleepy place woke up. Before he stopped at the inn-door the ostler was there to take the reins, the "boots" was out to lift down his luggage, and at the top of the steps stood the buxom landlady smiling a welcome and ready to tell him that number six, his favourite room, was aired and at his disposal.

Such a man was H—, and such the reception usually afforded him. Lording it in a hundred hotels, masterful and debonair, no man lived a life more frank and free. Everywhere obeyed with alacrity, he was as warmly liked as he was wholesomely feared. Where well and promptly attended, he was the pleasantest of men to serve, and always paid handsomely for his service; but let the table be slovenly or the chambermaid careless, and assuredly a storm would blow in that hotel. He was known at least once to ring

up a house in the dead of night to make the servants kindle a blazing fire, and to rate them soundly as well, because a heedless chambermaid had neglected to air the sheets in a somewhat damp bedroom. Remembered yet on the road, when his name is mentioned ostler and boots may still be heard to say with appreciation that he "never tipped with less than a sixpence." Intimate with every landlord and landlady by the way, he had a hearty interest in their private affairs, and never failed to remember and ask for the daughter who was married or the son who had gone abroad last year. Rattling busily along, it was wonderful what an amount of work he would contrive to put into his day. Never a moment was left vacant which forethought could fill. Arriving at a village inn of a late afternoon, he would order tea. While it was being prepared he would have out his sample-cases and dispatch the "boots" with them to the shop of a customer. After tea no time would be lost in following the cases, and presently, with exercise of a little frank diplomacy, he would secure his order. In many an out-of-the-way, unsuspected spot in those days considerable business was to be done, and in the ability to discover corners of this kind and the tact to make himself as much at home and as acceptable there as in town establishments of the first pretensions lay the peculiar skill of the traveller. After a short chat over a bit of mutual gossip, or a little bright banter with the goodman's blithe daughter, the case-straps would be undone, the ubiquitous notebook produced, and entry after entry made with the dispatch of a practised hand. By the time the order was booked his horse had been fed and rested, and, getting out his "trap," another ten miles might be driven to the next market town. There H— would find time to write his despatches before the post left, and would be

# VAN HOUTEN'S PURE SOLUBLE

## Best & COCOA.

### goes farthest



"But Law,  
There's no  
credit in  
being jolly  
when you have  
Van Houten's  
Cocoa to  
drink."

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MARK TAPLEY.

(MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.)

**CLARKE'S**  
PATENT  
"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMERS.

Clarke's "Pyramid" Night Lights only should be used in these Lamps.

INFALLIBLE FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.

"PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT WORKS, LONDON, N.W.  
Show Rooms: 31, Ely Place, Holborn Circus;  
And 484, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

## THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY,

Manufacturers and Mounters,  
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(THREE DOORS FROM  
PETER ROBINSON'S.)

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON 1890.

The Latest and most Perfect Imitation  
of Old Indian and Brazilian Diamonds.

ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUES  
POST FREE.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889.

*Spécialité:*  
FINE IMITATION PEARLS.

SPRAY, FOR THE CORSAGE,  
forming also Hair Ornaments,  
Brooches, and Pendants.

## EXTRACT FROM "THE QUEEN."

"And with the enormous rise in Diamonds has sprung up a wide-felt demand for really fine Imitation Gem Work, to which, be it said, many excellent houses have promptly responded; but it must be admitted that few can vie with The Parisian Diamond Company in the matter of their antique designs and unique stock of beautiful Sprays, Tiaras, Bandeaux, and other ornaments, in selecting from which, taste as pure and refined as that which guides the choice of the most becoming ornament in precious stones may here be equally displayed."



# MAPPIN & WEBB'S ARTISTIC SILVER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, richly Chased and Gilt Inside, in Morocco Case, £4 15s.



REGISTERED "PRINCESS" TEA SERVICE, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.

Complete, in Case, Sterling Silver ..	£11 11 0	Princess Plate ..	..	..	£5 5 0
Teapot only ..	5 5 0	" ..	..	..	1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs ..	1 15 0	" ..	..	..	0 10 6
Cream Jug ..	1 5 0	" ..	..	..	0 10 6



Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich Morocco Case, Lined Silk, Acorn Design, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.

Goods sent on Approval to the Country.



Two Sterling Silver Salts, Spoons, and Mulliner, in Case, £3 10s.



Fern Pot, Richly Chased and Fluted, 16s.



Richly Chased and part Gilt Sterling Silver Fruit Spoon, in Morocco Case .. £4 0 Four .. 6 10



Registered Design. "The Panton" Flower Bowl, 6 1/2 in. high, £3 5s.



Biscuit Box, Oval Shape, £2 2s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Mulliner, in best Morocco Case, £2.



Antique Sterling Silver Cream Jug, Height 3 in., £2 10s.



Solid Silver Fluted Piano Candlestick, 4 in. high, £3 per pair.



Sterling Silver Gilt Sweetmeat Dish, £5 5s.

MAPPIN & WEBB, 158, OXFORD ST., W., and 18, POULTRY, E.C.

MANUFACTORY: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



The Mogadore Gent's Easy Chair.

In Saddlebags of rich Persian design, mounted on velvet, and trimmed with fringe, £6 6s.

MAPLE and CO., BEDSTEADS.

IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.

FOUR POST BEDSTEADS

TEN THOUSAND IN STOCK

MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

BRASS BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO.—The collection comprises, besides the usual ample assortment in French, Italian, Twin, Four-post, and others, some exceptionally massive and handsome specimens of the Renaissance period, while others are decorated with repoussé panels in copper; some, again, are decorated with pearl. There are also some very beautiful channelled bedsteads, in cream, ivory, peacock, Rose du Harp, and other delicate shades.

LESS EXPENSIVE BEDSTEADS.

In the less expensive grades the variety MAPLE and CO. have on hand is practically unlimited, and among them are many useful kinds fitted with woven wire and chain spring mattresses, complete, affording the largest amount of comfort at a moderate outlay. These bedsteads are suited for either private use, hotels, clubs, or public institutions.

FOUR-POST BEDSTEADS.

FOR HOT CLIMATES.

The largest assortment in the world of Four-post Bedsteads, in brass and iron and brass, fitted for mosquito curtains, for use in tropical climates. Merchants, shippers, and Foreign and Colonial Visitors to the Metropolis should not fail to see the collection before deciding elsewhere. All orders for exportation are packed upon the premises by experienced men.

WOVEN-WIRE MATTRESSES.

MAPLE and CO.—WOVEN-WIRE MATTRESSES. Clean, comfortable, and cool, specially suitable either for use in torrid climates or in England, 3 ft. wide, 28. 6d.; 3 ft. 6 in., 10s. 6d.; 4 ft., 11s. 6d.; 4 ft. 6 in., 12s. 9d. The Royal Clarence quality, coppered wire, hung on coiled springs, 3 ft. wide, 14s. 6d.; 3 ft. 6 in., 15s. 6d.; 4 ft., 16s. 6d.; 4 ft. 6 in., 17s. 6d. A woven-wire mattress renders a palliasso unnecessary, only one top mattress being needed. New Special Price Lists free.

## MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

INDIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. receive all the finest qualities of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at Importers' Prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

ARTISTS and COLLECTORS OF ANTIQUES should not fail to see the 500 specimen RUGS and CARPETS collected by Messrs. MAPLE and CO.'S Agent in Persia, and now on view at the Show Rooms, Tottenham-court-road. A Persian Rug, the most acceptable of all presents; a Persian Prayer Carpet, a lasting pleasure. Prices from 30s. to £100.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

TO BUYERS OF ORIENTAL CARPETS.—MAPLE and CO. offer exceptional facilities to buyers of ORIENTAL CARPETS. The goods are exhibited in warehouses, some of which are more than a hundred feet long, so that the very largest carpets can be fully displayed and minutely examined.



The Tavistock Settee.

Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, trimmed with handsome fringe, £8 15s.

COAL BOXES.

COAL WHATNOTS.

INLAID COAL BOXES.

COAL BOXES.

MAPLE and CO. have a large Selection, comprising all the latest and most fashionable styles in Antique Brass, Copper, Copper and Brass Coal Boxes, some being decorated with handsome repoussé panels. Also, Novelties in Coal Cabinets and Coal Whatnots, in polished and inlaid woods.

REAL WITNEY BLANKETS.

SOFT SUMMER FINISH.

DOWN QUILTS.

MAPLE and CO.—DOWN QUILTS.—Signs of the severe Winter predicted by scientists abound on every hand, and a great demand for Warm Bed Clothing is anticipated, which will probably tend to materially advance rates. Early buyers will secure the best Summer-finished goods at strictly old prices.

141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, Tottenham-court-road, London.

Illustrated Catalogues Free.



The Tavistock Gent's Easy Chair.

In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, trimmed with handsome fringe, £5 15s.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

MAPLE and CO. invite an inspection of their magnificent Collection of Oriental Carpets and Upholstered Furniture, suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Complimentary Presents, including Clocks, Bronzes, Armour Trophies, Porcelain, Pictures, Etchings, and other objects of art, which will be found to be the best and most complete in London.

OIL PAINTINGS.

WATER COLOURS.

MAPLE and CO. are now exhibiting a large and varied Collection of OIL PAINTINGS and WATER COLOURS, including some very fine subjects by well-known artists, all of which are being offered at purely commercial prices. Visitors are invited to walk through the galleries and inspect the Collection.

SCREENS.—A draught-excluding Screen is always an acceptable present. MAPLE and CO. have again the best selection in London, including Louis Quinze and Seize, with Vernis Martin Decorations; also Hand-embroidered Japanese Screens, and others in French and Japanese Leather, as well as novelties in Tea Screens.

SCREENS.—New productions in three and four-fold Screens, with panelings in high relief Japanese leather papers, Tynecastle tapestry, Lincrusta, and cathedral glass. Painted Baisé Screens for public rooms, offices, or nurseries. Normandy Screens for bed-rooms, plain and prettily draped.

LAMPS.—All the Novelties in Extending Floor Lamps, in solid brass, wrought iron and copper, copper and brass, also in Majolica, and with decorations in Royal Worcester and Crown Derby Porcelain, are now on show, as well as numerous new styles in Table and Suspension Lamps.

VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are INVITED to INSPECT the Largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World. Hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of Furniture, Blankets, Carpets, Cushions, Sewing Machines, and other goods, all packed on the premises by experienced packers; very essential when goods are for exportation to ensure safe delivery. The reputation of half a century.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road, London.



ready and fresh to begin business again first thing in the morning. A war correspondent on the march could not be more full of purpose and execution.

Sunday used to be a great day with "commercial men." An endeavour was always made to reach especially comfortable quarters on the Saturday night, and the day of rest was spent at ease by horse and man, the latter feasting royally, and, perhaps, enjoying the evening at the house of some congenial customer. The chief function of the day was dinner, and about it, as about every proceeding in the commercial room, there was observed a strict and somewhat curious code of etiquette. The first man to enter the room when the gong rang was chairman: the last was expected to act as croupier. These offices sometimes proved no sinecure. Between the dividing of soup and the carving of fowls and roast beef for perhaps a dozen bold diners an awkward carver might find his hands full enough. As a set-off to these duties, certain privileges belonged to the chairman. He was absolute master of the table for the time; no one could leave the company without his permission; he was expected to retain the sweetest morsel always to himself; and, most important of all, it fell to him to say whether the dinner should be a "wine dinner" or not. If the chairman decided that it was to be a wine dinner—and when, as was frequently managed, a wine-merchant happened to be chairman this was almost certain to be the case—each man had to pay his share whether he took wine or not. Upon these occasions the talk had a flavour quite its

own—racy of the road, with anecdotes of curious haps, and quaint flashes of character.

Strange things sometimes happened to these knights-errant of commerce, and a spice of personal adventure was to be found in not a few of their tales. H— used to relate a somewhat romantic incident of this sort which had once happened to himself. Finishing business rather later than he had expected one night at a village in an upland mining district, and anxious to make some calls early on the following morning in the county town twelve miles away, he had ordered out his conveyance, and with cases securely strapped behind, and a round sum of money close-buttoned in his breast-pocket, had started upon the road. The night proved dark, and he was not driving alone. At his start a stranger who had made acquaintance with him at dinner had asked a seat by his side. All went well until they reached a lonely bit of road running through heavy woods. Here the mare shied, an unusual thing for her, and made off at a rush. Almost immediately afterwards H—'s ear caught the sound of a man's feet upon the road behind running after the trap, and at the same moment his companion stretched a hand to the reins on pretext of lending assistance. The situation was apparent, asking prompt action and getting it. With a sudden pull H— drew the mare on her haunches, throwing his companion forward in his place, when a quick thrust of the shoulder sent him flying into the darkness. At a lash of the whip the mare sprang away again, and

as the man behind seized and began to clamber up to the seat rail H— stood up and, winding the driving-whip round his arm, brought its heavy left down with a crash on the invader's wrists. The man dropped with a yell, and in another second was left far behind.

Such was the life, stirring, resourceful, courteous always, of a gentleman of the road in the days before railways were.  
G. E. T.

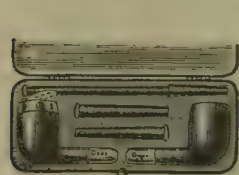
At the Holborn Townhall, on Dec. 12, Colonel Salmond presented the prizes to the City of London Engineers. The total enrolled strength of the corps is 665, of whom 650 are efficient.

The secretary of the Royal Botanic Society stated, on Dec. 13, that the destructive action of fog on plants was most felt by the tropical plants in the society's houses, whose natural habitat was one exposed to sunshine. Soft, tender-leaved plants and aquatics, such as the Victoria Regia, suffered more from fog than any other class of plants he knew.

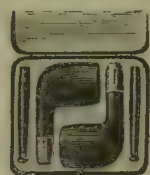
The Bon Marché in Paris possesses probably the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for all the employés of the house, 4000 in number. The smallest kettle holds 75 quarts, the largest 375 quarts. There are 50 frying-pans, each of which is capable of cooking 300 cutlets at a time, or of frying 220 lb. of potatoes. When there are omelettes for breakfast, 7800 eggs are used. The coffee-machine makes 750 quarts of coffee daily. There are 60 cooks and 100 kitchen boys employed.

## ALLEN & WRIGHT,

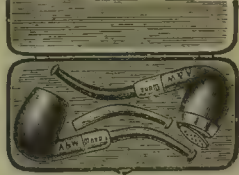
217, PICCADILLY, W., & 26, POULTRY, E.C.



No. 78. 23/6.



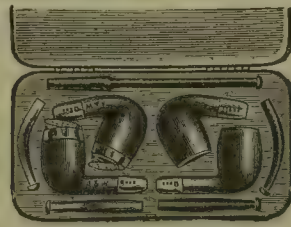
No. 67. 10/6.



No. 87. 19/6.



No. 109. 23/-



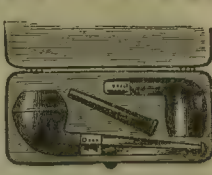
No. 100. 40/-



No. 80. 15/6.



No. 92. 12/-



No. 89. 14/-

## ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

## MAKERS OF HIGH-CLASS "GUARANTEED" BRIAR PIPES.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

### NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

## STREETERS' DIAMONDS

WHITE & MODERN CUT

MOUNTED FROM £5. TO £5,000.

18 NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

## FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.  
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.  
Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.  
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.  
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65 & 64, Cheapside, E.C.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.

Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

## HOP TEA, 2/- HOP TEA, 2/6

In One Pound, Half Pound, and Quarter Pound Packets.

A DELICIOUS BLEND OF

## INDIAN AND CEYLON TEAS WITH ENGLISH HOPS.

The Hops are specially prepared for this purpose by Snelling's Patent Process.

SOOTHES THE NERVES, STIMULATES THE APPETITE, ASSISTS DIGESTION, AND IS A BOON TO THE SLEEPLESS.

Pronounced by the Medical Profession and the Press to be much more WHOLESOME than any other Tea.

Your Medical Man will explain the effect of a judicious addition of properly prepared hops. The quality and flavour of the Tea is self-apparent on trial.

SOLD RETAIL BY ALL GROCERS.

## THE HOP TEA COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

Quarter, Half, and One Pound Samples, with Testimonials, &c., will be sent on receipt of P.O.O. or Stamps, with 2d. added for postage.

N.B.—Wholesale only, therefore no Second Sample will be sent. Particulars and names of Local Agents sent whenever required.

"Vinolia Soap."

"Vinolia Soap."

"Vinolia."

PUREST, SAFEST, BEST.

Recommended by the Medical Press.

"Vinolia Soap" is of unquestionable excellence, and is much in favour with the profession."

British Medical Journal.

"Excellent from its purity, lathers freely, and is very lasting."—Queen.

"Odour delicate, and the article of excellent quality."

Lancet.

"An ideal Soap, delightfully perfumed, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it."

Chemist and Druggist.

FOR TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

Of all Chemists, 6d., 8d., and 10d. Shaving Sticks, 1s. VINOLIA CREAM (for Itching, Chaps, Chilblains, &c.), 1s. 9d. VINOLIA POWDER (for Toilet, Nursery, Roughness, &c.), 1s. 9d.

"Vinolia Soap."

"Vinolia Soap."



# DEADLY TEETOTALISM.

The <u>TEMPERATE</u> Man lives	- - - - -	62 years 50 days.
„ <u>TEMPERANCE</u> (so called)	- - - - -	31 years 80 days.
Balance in favour of Good Whisky	- - - - -	10 years 333 days.

Bad Whisky can easily be got, but few people know where to get really fine Scotch Whisky: if you want the latter, ask your Wine Merchant for

PURE OLD

## LONG JOHN'S BEN NEVIS.

MADE SOLELY FROM THE FINEST MALT.

IF ANY DIFFICULTY ARISE, WRITE FOR NEAREST ADDRESS TO THE  
DISTILLERIES, FORT WILLIAM, N.B.

## BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

In 13-ct. Gold Cases.

GUARANTEED FOR STRENGTH, ACCURACY, DURABILITY, AND VALUE.

In Silver Cases.



In Silver Cases.



### BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.

Is fitted with a 4-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to ordinary Watches. The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10.

OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.

Testimonials from Hundreds of Wearers in all parts of the World.

#### SPECIAL NOTE

That all these Watches are made on J. W. BENSON'S INTERCHANGEABLE SYSTEM, thus insuring perfect accuracy in each part, and in case of breakage cheap and efficient repair.



In Gold Cases.



In Silver Cases.

Gold Albert Chains in a great variety of patterns to match, from £1 15s. See Illustrated Pamphlet, Post Free.

All the Watches shown in this advertisement are sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

For further particulars see Benson's Illustrated Book, containing nearly 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver and Electro Plate, Post Free on application to  
**J. W. BENSON,** (Watchmaker and Jeweller by Royal Warrant to Her Majesty THE QUEEN.) STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. and at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, F.C. and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE MANUFACTURING

## GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, W. (Opposite Vigo Street.)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

**HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.**—The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

**ORIENTAL PEARLS.**—Choice strung Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Wedding Presents.

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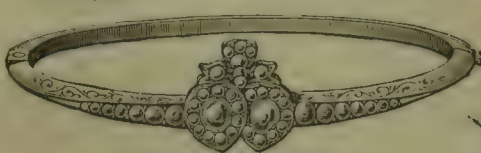
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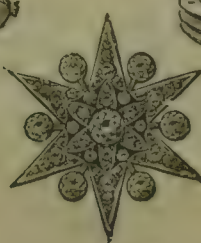
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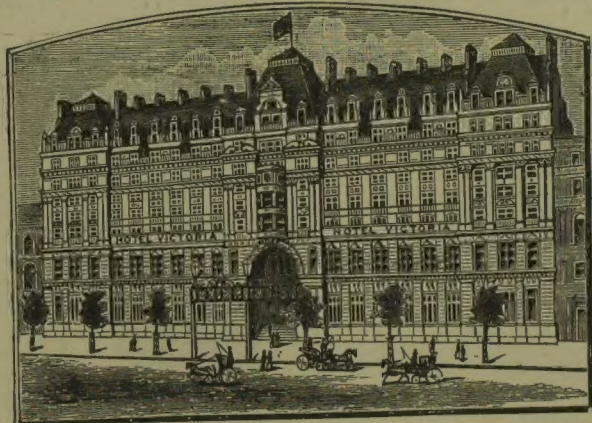
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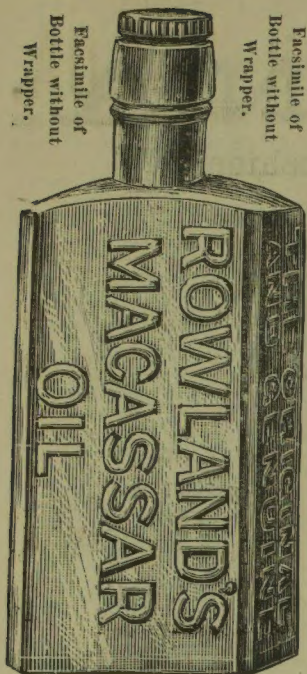
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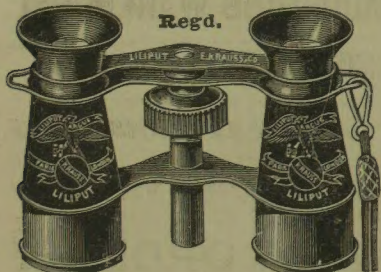


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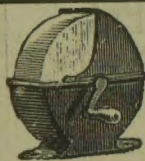
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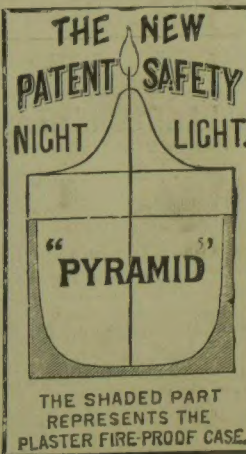
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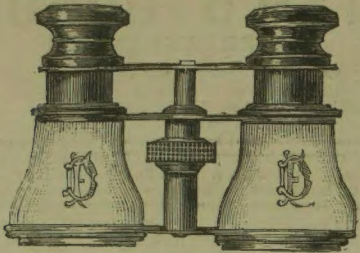
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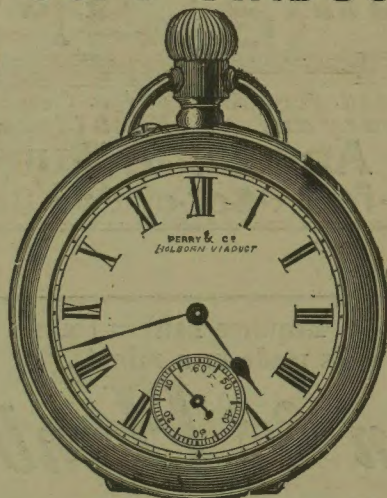
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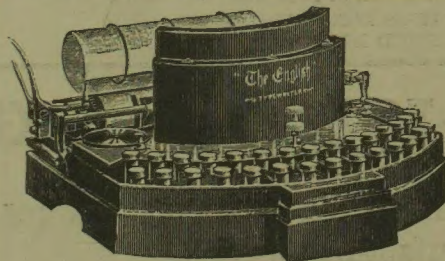


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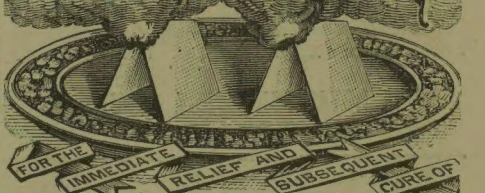
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